The Chicago Ledger.

THE CHEAPEST, BEST PAPER IN THE UNITED STATES.

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 21. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1881. SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS.

THE MAN WITH THE BILL.

He's here again; I hear his foot-
Steps fall upon the floor;
The creaking stairs shriek warning notes;
His hand is on the door.

A week ago he came, and then
I said, "do call to-morrow."
I thought that I would be from town,
But, greatly to my sorrow,

He caught me, as upon the street
I hastened toward the train;
And then I said, "In haste I am,
Please call next week again."

'Tis now next week, and he is here,
No chance for me to flee;
I never can escape the man
Who has a bill for me.

UNDER LIFE'S KEY.

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

Author of "Old Myddleton's Money," "The Squire's Legacy," "Victor and Vanquished," etc.

CHAPTER I.

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

The boat, with the three young figures in it, glided past just as the Squire and his sister-in-law reached the river bank; and they stood to watch it, he waving his hat, she following the skiff with her eyes in rather a stern and rigid silence. The Squire was standing out in the June sunshine, his handsome head uncovered, while Miss Macnair stood in the shadow of the limes; and it was plain that her forty years sat more heavily upon her than the Squire's five-and-forty sat on him, and that the moody shadow had, by long continuance, become habitual to her grave, hard face.

So they stood watching as the boat passed smoothly and noiselessly on its way. One young man lay idly in the stern, the other rested on his oar, while he tried to teach their companion the skillful management of hers. A turn in the river hid the two groups from each [illegible] inexplicable sigh. Miss Macnair heard it distinctly and remembered it for a long time.

"Nora Carleton," she remarked, as her brother-in-law joined her, "has no steadiness of purpose, for I heard her yesterday telling the boys she should never row with them again."

"She likes to enliven them with such threats as that," laughed the Squire; "by those means (and others) she keeps them in subjection."

"Her nature is hopelessly unstable, and her manners childish. But," added Miss Macnair, with slow emphasis, "she is still a child, so, perhaps, we may hope for amendment."

"She is 19, Caroline. How can you call her a child?"

There was a note of eagerness, even wistfulness, in Mr. Sutton's voice, and his sister-in-law was quick to mark it. "Some girls," she said, with emphasis, "are so much younger and less thoughtful for their years than others are. My own dear sister at 19 was a perfect woman in gravity and stability."

"She was, indeed," assented the Squire; but he made no effort to enlarge upon the merits of the late Mrs. Sutton.

The beautiful estate of High Sutton had not, so it was whispered, been made a home of unruffled bliss for its master during its late mistress' reign; and, though his twin sons had never heard one word of aught save respect uttered either to or of their mother, they were both vaguely conscious that it would take far more even than their aunt's hard and suspicious temper to make High Sutton the unhomelike abode which it must have been in their mother's lifetime. It was, perhaps, this very consciousness which made Mr. Sutton so gentle in dealing with his second son, who inherited his mother's jealous, gloomy temperament. So ever-conscious was he of the misery of it for the young man himself, that it was not in seeming only that he was kinder to the morose and silent lad than to the elder brother (elder only by twenty minutes), who possessed his father's genial nature and that thorough sincerity which precludes the possibility of suspicion.

But it was not of the Squire's "twin lads" Miss Macnair was thinking as she and her brother-in-law strolled away from the river. It was of a theme far more conducive in her mind to uneasy speculation. Unfathomable as are the unuttered thoughts of one's companion, Miss Macnair's might have lain clear as daylight before the Squire by the utterance of her first remark.

"Nora is reckless and volatile and flippant."

"Sum it up in a word, Caroline," put in Wynter Sutton, pleasantly, "say Nora is Irish."

"I wish she had stayed in Ireland."

"You do not mean what you say," was the quiet rejoinder to this unpremeditated flash. "Nora's mother was the early and constant friend of my wife and yourself. What could you do less than ask her here and be kind to her, now that she is motherless—like our own lads?"

"Not much like our own lads," returned Miss Macnair, pleasantly appropriating the plural pronoun; her father is—why he and Nora are like two senseless children at home at Baggalley, and the whole estate is going to ruin as fast as it can. It never was worth much, either. Nora must feel the difference when she is here."

"I hope she does," said the Squire, while a pleasant light shone in his eyes.

"I mean, of course, in the boys' vacation," continued Miss Macnair, looking straight on before her; "but for my own part I don't like her manner of being so thoroughly at home, even with them."

"I do. While so young, at any rate, she need not be hemmed round with ceremonious stiffness. I'm sure the boys think of Nora as they would of a pet sister."

"I don't like it," exclaimed Miss Macnair, with inexplicable rapidity. "They are not brothers and sister, so why should they behave as such?"

"Let the subject drop, Caroline," remarked Mr. Sutton, with a tone of pain in his quiet voice. "Nora is your guest here, and a motherless girl who has not learned so much, perhaps, as other girls have learned—we seemed just then to have forgotten that. By-the-way, it is time they had landed and overtaken us."

"They stay too long on the river, I think," observed Miss Macnair, turning stiffly to look behind her. "I am always nervous about the fall."

"Nervous about danger a mile away!" was the laughing response. "Why, even Ernest and Drury do not row below the boat-house, unless it may be a few yards, to moor their boat in the shadow as they fish. You must own, Caroline, that they know how to use their oars, and are both prudent as well as obedient lads."

"But there is Nora."

"Nora again," laughed the Squire. "Her curiosity often enough leads her to the fall on terra firma, I know; but not on the water, Caroline. I believe she would be terrified at going within sight of it in the boat, even if not forbidden."

"I would not like to trust her if any whim seized her."

At that moment a rushing sound [illegible] ently, in the grass beside them, the three of whom they had been speaking darted past in a race. Nora Carleton first, hatless, but with roses twined in her disheveled hair, her eyes radiant, and her cheeks pink. Then Ernest, gaining upon her, his slight, well-knit figure bent a little, and a merry smile upon his face. Last, Drury, running steadily, with his brows drawn, and his elbows planted firmly at his sides.

"Well done, Nora!" cried the Squire, as they passed. "Look to your laurels, Dru! They must leave off giving Nora a start," he added, merrily, as they passed out of hearing; "she will beat them both."

As, of course, she did, waving her hat in triumph while she sat upon the low fence which stopped their race.

"You run splendidly, Nora," said Ernest, fanning himself with his straw hat as he lay upon the grass beside her. "I must never boast again of my celebrity at Oxford."

"Are *you* celebrated at Oxford, too, Drury?" asked the girl, balancing herself deftly upon the rails.

"Not in that line, put in his brother. "Dru excels more in skillful than in muscular pursuits. He favors whist and billiards."

Nora, from her unsteady seat, chanced to be looking into Drury Sutton's face when his eyes met hers.

"There are times," he said, in his heavy tones—and as he spoke he drew his handkerchief lightly across his face—"when men need sports which do not heat or weary them—how intense the heat is here!—but Ernest talks rubbish. No young fellow of 20 could stand the chance of being beaten by the practised players whom, of course, one must meet everywhere—would meet, at least, if one went in for the thing at all."

"Then you lose the games as you lost this race?" asked Nora, her eyes clear and bright again as that inexplicable shade left Drury's face.

"I am not a fool," the young man muttered, sullenly, as he crossed the fence. But in a moment his tone changed, and he turned and gave his hand to Nora with a smile.

"I'm coming," she cried, tying on her hat hastily, and preparing to spring from the fence. "Let's go and gather cherries now. You two shall climb and gather and I'll catch and eat. That's a nice arrangement, isn't it?"

"An excellent one," cried the Squire, joining them just as Nora alighted on the grass beside Drury, and Ernest followed at her summons; "a fair division of labor, indeed."

"Did you see me wave my hat, Mr. Sutton?" asked the girl, turning gladly at the sound of his voice, and linking her hand in his arm with a familiarity which greatly quickened the regular breathing of Miss Macnair. "That was to show I had won the race."

"You had far too good a start, little lady. I wouldn't have allowed it if I had been either of the lads."

"But you aren't either of the lads, I'm glad to say. Now suppose we have a race, you and I, Mr. Sutton; we'll run to the cherry-orchard, and start in a line, to further the ends of justice. Miss Macnair, will you start us, please—awfully fairly?"

"*Awfully* is not a word to employ as you employ it, Nora," began Miss Macnair; "you, particularly, in whom nothing and nobody inspires any awe at all."

"Oh, I always forget," cried Nora, tossing back her disheveled hair. "Papa uses it, too; so perhaps it's a manner and custom of the Irish. We often laugh at each other, yet we never remember to cure ourselves."

"It should be cured," rejoined the elder lady, impressively.

"All in good time," put in the Squire, when he saw the shy color rise in the girl's cheeks. "I'm ready, Nora. One, two, three! Away!"

Words would fail in describing the rigid displeasure of Miss Macnair's visage as the two figures fled from her, followed by her nephews, laughing heartily; and cheering when the Squire, using his reserved strength after his antagonist had exhausted hers, covered the last few yards with marvelous rapidity, and turned with triumph to meet Nora, as he came panting and flushed, but laughing, too.

"Beaten, Nora! Unmistakably and ignominiously beaten."

"It is better to race with you," said the girl, speaking to the young men as demurely as her failing breath would allow; "you are far more easily conquered."

"Is it so?" asked the Squire, laughing still, but gazing with a steady, almost questioning gaze into the young face. "I'm very glad."

"Now for the cherries," cried Nora, noticing neither words nor glance. "Who is going up the tree? I'm ready to catch."

"All right," cried Ernest, swinging himself to the lowest branches.

But in spite of his agility, Drury's heavier limbs obtained the surer support; and when Nora, holding her skirt spread for the fruit, looked up laughingly to say she was ready, they were Drury's eyes which met hers through the leaves. Down pattered the cherries into her dress, hitting sometimes her shoulders or her hand, and at others clinging to her hair, or touching her merry, upturned face; while the Squire stood a little apart watching her.

It was just as Miss Ma[illegible] toward the tree, and her eyes, still with the jealous hardness in them, took in the whole scene, that there was a crash over Nora's head, and a shower of leaves upon the girlish waiting figure. In one moment the Squire—his face white as death—had closed his arms about the slender form and drawn it away, while the heavy bough fell just where Nora had stood. Drury, saving himself with a spring, alighted, and in eager nervousness began to apologize to Nora for having heedlessly trusted his weight above her.

"I forgot," he said, his face flushing duskily, "that it was less safe for me than it would have been for Ernest."

"I was not frightened," said Nora, her wondering gaze upon the Squire's face, though she was answering Drury with an effort at a smile. "Indeed, indeed I was not frightened."

And yet even Miss Macnair could see that something had now startled the girl beyond words.

"Never mind, Nora," cried Ernest, beginning to gather the fruit which had fallen to the grass. "The cherries are not hurt. Sit down now and enjoy them after your panic."

But though she took a few, as he handed them to her, she did not even raise them to her lips.

"I thought you were so fond of cherries?" remarked Drury, watching her curiously.

"Yes, I am," she said; but still they were left untasted, and still that look of surprise and bewilderment lingered in her eyes.

"Won't you have a few, Aunt Caroline?" inquired Ernest, his slight figure intercepting her stony glance.

"No," Miss Macnair answered, curtly; and Ernest, like every other member of the little group, was aware of some new feeling having crept among them.

"Wasted spoil!" said the Squire, with a carelessness which it was evidently difficult to affect. "Come, boys, let us rescue it; we shall enjoy it after dinner."

Perhaps the Squire was longer over the task than he need have been; at any rate, when he rose, he and his sister were alone beside the cherry-tree.

"Ernest said he would fetch a basket," remarked Miss Macnair, in a grim tone, as the Squire looked round uncomfortably; "and Drury, I suppose, has gone to seek Nora. She," added the lady, emphatically, "has of course left."

"Yes," assented the Squire, with a nervousness which was new to him, "I suppose so."

"I have had a great shock, Wynter," continued his sister, apparently shrinking from the confidence which she volunteered. "I hope I may have been mistaken in the conclusion your conduct forced upon me. I should deeply regret your having ever given Nora Carleton reason to believe that—"

"The conclusion which has shocked you is a just conclusion, I dare say, Caroline," returned Mr. Sutton, a smile breaking upon his handsome face. "You see I don't pretend to misunderstand you. I am going to ask Nora to be my wife."

For a long minute Miss Macnair stood to regard her companion in speechless wonder, and then only four words passed her tightened lips.

"You must be mad!"

The Squire's smile faded.

"Sometimes I think I am," he said, with gravity; "and sometimes I know not what dreams of happiness possess me, in spite of my gray hairs."

"A fool's paradise," was the muttered retort.

"Possibly," said Wynter Sutton, very sadly; "if so, it will soon have faded."

"Then you mean to tell Nora of this ridiculous infatuation? If it were one of your own boys speaking so, Wynter, I could believe it. There would be something a trifle more suitable in an attachment between Nora and one of them; and, indeed, I think there is such an attachment."

If Miss Macnair had fancied that last blow would change the Squire's plans, she speedily became aware of her mistake.

"If it be so," was the quiet rejoinder, "my lads will find their father do his best to help them on to happiness."

Then he was gone, and his sister-in-law was left to wonder and to fret alone.

"What absurdity!" she muttered, as she impatiently started to leave the orchard. "A girl who might be his daughter, and who has, I dare say, looked upon herself often in the light of his daughter-in-law. It would be a little less intolerable even if she were an English girl; they are older for their years, and more sedate. Nora is in some matters a perfect baby, and I'm sick of Wynter's reiterated assertion that she is a true woman, in spite of her random ways. Wait until he tries her, for there is no chance, however slight, of his being refused the opportunity of trying her as his wife. The idea of a girl who has been used to the irregular poverty of Baggalley refusing the master of High Sutton! She is vain enough to know the influence she would possess; and—the idea is altogether hateful!" A fact which would have been plainly evident to any one who could have seen the gesture of repugnance with which Miss Macnair dismissed the thought.

As Mr. Sutton left the orchard he met his elder son, and answered cheerily his question as to where Nora could be.

"I don't know, my lad; I should have fancied you could tell me."

"No; she sent us off—said she was tired of us both." And Ernest turned back toward the house, whistling softly as he strolled along the grass.

"Tired of them both!" whispered the Squire to himself. "She was joking, of course."

The cherry orchard stood on the hillside, and at its foot the Squire came suddenly upon Nora, leaning on the rails which separated it from the river. Her thoughts were so far away that she did not even hear the approaching footsteps; and so, when Mr. Sutton paused beside her, she did not turn. He stood for a few moments in silence, not unwillingly, with the vague feeling that this time of uncertainty might be sweeter than the time to follow, when he should have learned the truth.

But presently she turned her grave eyes from their distant gaze, and saw him.

"Have Ernest and Drury gone in, Mr. Sutton?"

"Yes," he answered with a smile. "Was it not natural, when you told them you were tired of them both?"

Then she smiled, too, and turned to leave the orchard.

"And you are tired of their father, Nora?" he asked, standing before her so that she must pause.

"No," she said, and turned and dropped her hands once more upon the rails, standing demurely patient, as if he had bidden her stay.

"Nora," said the Squire, gravely, "I am come to tell you why my manner startled you when I thought you in danger half an hour ago."

He saw her under lip quiver a little, and her eyes droop in their gaze, but he could not guess with what an effort the girl tried to understand this vague, new consciousness which possessed her.

"I was not frightened," she said again, as she had said to Drury; "I had no time to fancy there was danger."

"Nor had I," said the Squire, earnestly; "I had no fancy. It only came naturally to me to save you, Nora, because you are so precious to me; not only as my boys' pet and the child of my old friend, but, most of all, as my own love."

A moment's pause, while the young face paled as he had never seen it pale before; then he turned to her with his hands outstretched appealingly.

"Nora, I love you so dearly—in spite of the wide difference in our ages—that I come to pray you to be my wife."

Very quietly she laid her hands in his.

"Can it be?" she asked, in her soft, bewildered tone. "Can you care for me in—in that way?"

"It was because I cared for you so very much in that way, love," he said, "that I betrayed myself before them all, and to yourself just now. Tell me if you can ever care in that way for me?"

"I cannot believe it," she whispered, while he held her beside him.

"It is very easy to believe, my child," he answered, in his grave, kind tones. "Almost in the very first hour you spent in my house I learned to love you, Nora. I saw the true, brave, tender heart through all the merry, daring habits. How could I help loving you, my pretty, bright, true-hearted child?"

"Please hush," she said, gently, and in her quaint, new gravity. "I am not what you think me. I must go back to my father, please, Mr. Sutton."

"Indeed, you shall," he whispered, with a caress, which was as earnest as it was rare with him. "I shall take you myself, that I may win his consent to bring you back. After that, Nora, you shall make me take you to see him just as often as ever you like. Only just say that this shall be your home, and that you will teach yourself to love me in that way; for if you feel you could not, darling, it would be kinder now to tell me so. A disappointment now would not be what it must be after I have learned to believe in a future which seems almost too happy to be possible."

"But why," she asked, while no shadow from the coming years fell over her glad face—"why impossible to you, in whose power it lies to make so many people happy?"

"You, Nora?"

"Yes," she whispered, softly; "I am always happy here, and—and now I know why."

Miss Macnair had dressed, and was sitting in the drawing-room with a feeling of great injury upon her, when Mr. Sutton and Nora came in together. One glance told her everything; but nothing in her manner betrayed this, as she waited grimly for what her brother-in-law might say.

"Caroline, Nora has promised to be my wife."

Quietly as he spoke, Miss Macnair could see what strong emotion stirred him, and she was forced to acknowledge to herself that, since the time when, little more than a boy himself, he had come to woo her handsome, self-willed sister, she had never seen such a light of happiness shine in his frank, kind eyes. The chilly words died upon her lips, and she even kissed the girl who came so shyly to her side.

"I hope you will be happy," she said, mechanically.

"Miss Macnair," Nora whispered, in the earnest simplicity which belonged to her, "I would not for the world come to be Mr. Sutton's wife, so ignorant and wild and inexperienced as I am now. I shall go home at once, and papa will help me; and I will study a lot of things, and keep house myself, and go over the estate with papa; and," she continued—unconscious of her listener's scornful mental comparison of "the estate" with High Sutton—"I shall soon improve, because I shall be so anxious to do so."

"I hope so," rejoined Miss Macnair. "Now it is time to dress."

Obedient to the hint, Nora left the room. Then Miss Macnair turned to her brother-in-law, with her eyebrows elevated:

"For your own sake, Wyntor, I'm sorry you were not a poor man to day."

"Why?" was the cheery question, though a shadow fell unconsciously over the Squire's face, because he comprehended her full meaning.

"Because you would have been better able to test your chance of future happiness. No one could dream that, under any circumstances, a girl of Nora's age and temperament would refuse such a position as you have offered her."

"Under any circumstances, eh?" repeated the Squire, laughing. "That isn't an encouraging insinuation, Caroline?"

"And marriages never turn out happily where there is so great an inequality in age."

"Only an aphorism, perhaps; but I shall be late for dinner if I wait to combat it."

Not that that was Mr. Sutton's real reason for hastening away. He knew well that this must be a trying hour for his late wife's sister, whose memory could recall so forcibly the disappointments and chills of his early married life; and, beyond that, he wished to speak to Ernest and Drury.

Half an hour later, as Nora walked down the long corridor from her own room, softly and slowly, enfolded in her new happiness, Mr. Sutton met her, and drew her toward him at one of the low windows.

"Nora, I have told the boys," he said, with a great delight in his tones. "You should have heard Ernest's loud 'hurrah!'"

"And Drury?" she questioned.

"Drury is a quieter lad," said the Squire, with a perceptible change of tone, "he did not so noisily express his delight at the thought of having you here forever. Oh, my love, what a happy change it will be for us all!"

She was looking from the window near which they stood; but when he ceased speaking, her eyes came slowly back, and fixed themselves wistfully upon his face.

"I wonder," she said, "if it will be so—a happy change for us all?"

"My darling, can you doubt it?"

"I never did until that moment," she softly answered; "but then a sudden fear came over me."

"And you are trembling still. What brought this wild and unnatural fear, my love?"

"Nothing could have brought it; for when it darted into my mind—making things look dark which an instant before had seemed so beautiful to me—you were only speaking of Ernest and Drury."

CHAPTER II.

ADRIFT.

Three years have passed since the Squire of High Sutton brought his young bride from Ireland, and these three years have passed in perfect happiness for both. So bent had Nora been upon preparing herself for conscientiously taking upon her her new responsibilities, that to study indefatigably under her father, in the Irish home in which order and method had been ever strangers, she would have delayed her marriage month after month, on the ground of not being sufficiently improved. But her father pleaded with her lover, and won her consent at last, urging his own failing health and great desire to see her in her real home.

Upon this summer evening, when we next see Nora at High Sutton, her father has been dead almost two years, and the little Connaught estate is offered—vainly—for sale.

The twins are at home for the long vacation—now tall and stalwart young men, but with still the old contrast both in face and manner—Ernest, frank and active; Drury, silent, watchful and inert. There has been no change at all in Ernest's manner to Nora during these three years; but sometimes she fancies Drury is impatient with her, and that he winces at any reminder of their relationship.

"It is natural," she muses to herself; "only I wish he would only laugh at the notion of so young a mother, as Ernest does."

But Drury has added reasons for his depression, which his young step-mother never guesses.

Miss Macnair has settled herself—or, rather, allowed her brother-in-law to settle her—in the Dower House; and, though only a ten minutes' walk across the park brings her to High Sutton, she lets many a day pass without crossing it, unless the twins are at home.

But they are at home now, and Miss Macnair is talking of them, as she loiters on the terrace with the Squire and Nora, and with the little one, who has found no favor in her eyes. How he has possibly failed to do this is the one thought puzzling the Squire's mind at this moment, as his little son stands laughing on the wide stone rail—a beautiful boy, with grave, blue eyes, and a mouth all smiles and dimples, his mother's arm about him, and his mother's eyes brightening as they meet his.

"Now, do own, Caroline," cried Mr. Sutton, delightedly, as the child sprung into his outstretched arms, "that baby is like our family, because everybody else tells Nora he has her face."

"He is not at all like your sons—I mean your other sons," observed Miss Macnair, irily. "They were, fortunately for them, not so much petted, either," she continued, in the silence which followed her kind remark.

"The petting is all we can give this little lad," said the Squire, good humoredly. "He will have to rough it with the world presently, like the poorest of us."

"Probably," observed Miss Macnair, "Carleton will soon discover how very much in his light his brother Ernest stands."

"What are you saying, Caroline?" inquired Mr. Sutton, sternly, as he closed his arms more tightly about his boy. "Our little lad will never think of Ernest save as his kind, big brother, just as Drury always did, only that there would have been some excuse for Drury to resent his juniorship. Where there is only twenty minutes of priority the chance has been so nearly escaped; where there is twenty years the case is very different."

Miss Macnair was gazing curiously into Nora's face, perhaps because it was so beautiful with loving pride and bright content. "I knew a boy," she said, as Nora's girlish laugh came brightly from her lips, "and he inherited a splendid estate when he came of age, though when I saw him first—just such a child as yours, Nora—five healthy lives stood between him and the property. So there is even a chance in this case."

"I hope," said Nora—and they each noticed that her face had grown very white—"that there is no such thing as a chance in such a case."

"We cannot, of course, expect," resumed Miss Macnair, with motiveless obstinacy, "that you do not sometimes wish this home, which is his father's, would some day be your boy's."

Then Nora laughed as she stooped to kiss the child. "Perhaps," she said, debonairly, "no mother thinks it wicked to be avaricious for her son."

"Perhaps so," replied the elder lady, ominously; "though why that species of coveting should be more free from sin than any other it puzzles me to imagine."

"Nora, my darling," put in her husband, very gently, as he stroked her bright, soft hair, "when you jest so, Caroline does not understand you, and think what spectacles she would need to find a speck of covetousness in your nature!"

Perhaps Miss Macnair did not like the idea of being jested with at all; and perhaps the sight of the perfect confidence between husband and wife galled her a little as she recollected the old days when her sister left his heart aching and unsatisfied. In any case she turned away abruptly, and put on the shawl which Nora had carried out for her.

"If you are going for a walk, Caroline," said her brother-in-law, the pass-

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT CHICAGO, ILL., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

ing cloud gone from his genial, handsome face, "wait for us."

"I should have liked to come, Miss Macnair," put in Nora, in her warm, bright tones, "but I promised Ernest to join him at the river with baby. If we reach home first, we will walk toward the village to meet you and Wynter. If you are first, will you come toward the boat-house to meet us?"

But Nora's chief reason for refusing to join in this walk was not her half-promise to Ernest. She understood pretty well now the jealous nature of her husband's sister-in-law; and, rightly judging that she would now and then enjoy the Squire's society all to herself, the girl-wife, whose nature was utterly free from jealousy of any kind, would often invent a harmless excuse to leave the two together.

It was the Squire and Miss Macnair who reached home first; but, instead of going at once to meet Nora, they lingered together on the terrace, just where they had chatted before separating, but silent now, waiting and watching for the others.

Presently, quite suddenly, this silence was broken by a cry—a swift, shrill cry of horror—which pierced the air and echoed in the massive walls behind them.

"It was a—a laugh, I suppose," faltered Miss Macnair, her lips stiff and white.

The Squire's head was raised, every nerve strained to listen.

"It was no laugh," he said. "Caroline, wait here for Nora."

With a sudden impulse she closed her hand upon his arm. "I cannot let you go," she sobbed. "It has frightened me. It seemed like Nora's shriek. Stay, listen! There are footsteps."

It was Nora's own fleet tread which presently reached their ears; and the Squire, shaking off his sister's detaining hand, clasped his arm about his wife when she came toward them from the park, her step unsteady and her eyes feverishly bright in their terror.

"My love," he cried, his tones shaken by a vague alarm, "you are safe in your husband's care. Nothing can hurt you here. Feel how strong I am, and how closely I can guard you. My precious one, how white and ill you look! What is it? tell me. Where"—in sudden apprehension—"is baby?"

She turned eagerly to point the way she had come.

"There," she whispered, as if glad to answer to some opportunity given her. "There—safe. Oh, my husband, fetch him, and let me go!"

Yet, when his arms were loosed; she only turned and faced him, with a ghastly pallor on her face. "To the river," she whispered, the words faltering through her parted lips. "Ernest—the Fall. Oh, quick!"

One look her husband gave into he face—a look of wild, incredulous inquiry—and then he turned and ran; and Nora, shrinking from Miss Macnair, crept up to the house with silent, heavy steps, and soon was lost to the keen eyes which followed her.

The great dinner-bell had long ceased its unavailing summons, and the dishes were left to grow cold under their covers. There had settled upon the house a hush, which in itself was terrible, after those hours of excitement. The physicians had left, and their hopeless verdict of "too late!" had passed so constantly from mouth to mouth that even its keen sting was deadened a little already. Almost the only sound proceeded from Miss Macnair's chamber, where she lay sobbing violently upon her bed. All other rooms in the great house seemed as silent as that one where the heir lay stiff and dead, with the trophies of his boyish tastes around him.

Mr. Sutton, whose face in these three hours had grown aged and lined, softly closed the door of this chamber, which in that gathering of the twilight had changed from the noisiest in the house to the awful center of its deathly stillness, and, with a new heaviness and weakness in his step, went on to his wife's dressing-room. The candles were lighted, and by their light he saw in a moment that the room was empty. He softly passed into the chamber beyond, and searched it even in the darkness. But Nora was not there.

"My poor darling!" he murmured, as he turned toward the nurseries; "that angry, hysterical rebuff of Caroline's was cruel, when she was trying so bravely to be patient and comforting."

The door of his little boy's nursery was locked, and the Squire's heart sunk when he saw this and that the room was still in darkness.

"Nora," he whispered, pleadingly, "it is only I, my love."

His voice was shaken and weakened by the awful shock and grief of those past hours; and the low tones startled Nora as her husband's tones had never startled her before.

Yet, without turning the key, she sat with her hands tight upon her temples, listening in the darkness.

"Let me in, my darling wife."

Her hands fell helpless to her side, and the great pain and love upon her face were pitiful to see; but she stood still with the locked door between her and her husband. No word of blame or even surprise he uttered; while she, who ought to have sought him now to comfort him, hid herself from him, even when he sought her. But he called her lovingly again, in a voice so stirred and broken by the pain he suffered that after one moment's clasp of her raised hands and closing of her strained eyes she turned the key, and, even in the gloom, eagerly and wistfully met her husband's gaze.

In another moment her face was hidden on his breast and her whole frame was shaken by passionate, suppressed sobs, while the tears fell at last from his eyes, too, slowly and silently down upon her bent head.

So they stood in this close embrace beside their sleeping child, until Nora's tears were stayed; and, shrinking from her husband's arms, she went to her baby's bed and laid one hand upon his pillow.

"I have been dreaming. I must have been dreaming in the darkness. Oh, my husband, tell me—what is true?"

Frightened a little by her manner, he told her as quietly and simply as he could, knowing well that this agony of repetition was unnecessary, because she had looked with him upon his son's dead face, and had repeated, in this same awed tone, the doctor's words, "too late!"

"I—I cannot understand," she faltered, her eyes so pitifully wide and eager.

"Yet it was you who knew it first, my darling," Wynter Sutton whispered, covering his own eyes. "Your cry was our only preparation for the awful truth. You saw—oh, my love, I dare not picture what you saw!"

"Yes," said Nora, in a slow, distinct tone, her right hand softly lying now upon her baby's hair, "I saw the boat glide over the Fall—as smoothly as if it did not mean an instantaneous death. Did—no one else see?"

"No one else. Your cry gave the first alarm, and I think others had gathered at the Fall even before I reached it. Drury was last; he had been wandering alone with his gun all the afternoon, and he thought that it was only in fancy that he heard a faint and distant cry."

"He was never in sight, then, of the—boat?"

"No, darling; would to God he had been!"

"Why?"

"Why?" he echoed, in pained surprise. "He might have saved his brother's life—just think of that haunting thought for him—ay, and even for me! Ernest might have been saved if one of us had been in time."

"Might have been saved!" repeated Nora, with strange, suppressed vehemence. "No, no; the current was so strong and rapid there that in one moment it was over, and hope was dead."

"My darling—my poor darling!" murmured Mr. Sutton, drawing his wife to his side again. "It has been a terrible shock for you. Come with me into the light and warmth, my child. Come and give your own sweet words of comfort to poor Drury."

"No," she said, and shrunk again from his caressing touch; "Drury will—hate to see me."

"My dear, you wrong him sadly. Deeply as he is mourning his twin-brother, he must know that even if he had seen what you saw he could not have rescued Ernest. Beside, my darling," continued the Squire, with a pitiful effort to speak in his natural tone, "Caroline is totally unnerved; and who can help us all like my own dear wife? Come!"

"She sent me from her," said Nora, softly; "but"—with one hurried sob—"I will come."

Miss Macnair, when they reached her room, was still crying aloud for Ernest. Demonstrative as was her grief, it was terribly sincere; for the only person in all the world on whom she had lavished any wealth of affection was her sister's elder son. And now her cries for him—and her sobs, when memory told her she must cry in vain—were torturing to hear.

But both cries and sobs were silenced by one spasmodic effort, when Nora came gently up to the bed and laid one hand on her.

"Go away!" she said, with bitter slowness. "Do you think that a caress of yours can reconcile me to a grief which is beyond your power to imagine? You have your own son—go to him, and you will soon be comforted."

"My little one can in no way take Ernest's place, Miss Macnair," said Nora, with great gentleness.

"No," replied Caroline Macnair, icily, "not while Drury lives."

And then her tears gushed out afresh, and Mr. Sutton, curbing his anger against her because she was in grief, could only lead his young wife from the room.

"Come away," pleaded Nora, vacantly, when they reached the hall, and the chill night air blew on them from the open door—"the house is stifling me."

He turned aside to get her a shawl, but she hurried on; and when he followed her out upon the terrace he found her standing opposite Drury, and both their faces were pallid in the gloom.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Dutch and Germans.

The term "Dutch" is considered opprobrious by the Germans of the present day. It is more properly applicable to Hollanders than to citizens of the German empire, but, less than 250 years ago, when Van Tromp ruled the ocean, to be called a Dutchman was esteemed an honor. This was not more because the Dutch were great in war than because the people of Holland were great in peace. In those days the bankers of Amsterdam controlled the finances of the world. When speculation drove financiers to ruin, the supremacy of the sea was lost, and Holland speedily sank to its present insignificance in the affairs of the world. The greatness of Holland and the weakness of the Germans caused the latter to delight in calling themselves Dutchmen, which practice continued until the time of Kaiser Wilhelm III, and the powerful confederation under Bismarck. The name "German" then became relieved from the odium always attached to it from the barbarism of the ancient days, and as the honor of the name "German" has increased with the decrease of power in the Holland people, and the metamorphosis is now so complete that "Dutchman" has become a term of contempt and derision, while "German" is honored and respected. England to-day holds the proud position of mistress of the seas, and has the reputation of holding the purse of nations. Speculation, rapacity, injustice are rampant in its borders. In a couple of centuries it may be possible that the word "Englishman" will have a significance as low and contemptible as the "Dutchman" of to-day.

What Stumped Him.

"Didn't I hear you say the other day, Gilhooly, that you always keep a spare cigar about you for your friends?" asked McSpillkins.

"Yes, that's what I said."

"I am one of your friends, ain't I?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, hand out that cigar."

"It is singular how stupid some Galveston folks are. If I give you the cigar, how can I keep it about me? Besides, if I give you the cigar, and another friend comes and claims it, and I've not got it, then he will think I am a liar. I guess I had better smoke it myself to prevent hard feeling. Have you got a match?"—*Galveston News.*

Women are generally in favor of corporal punishment. They never go anywhere without their switches.

THE DONKEY.

An Arab came to the river side,
With a donkey bearing an obelisk;
But he would not try to ford the tide,
For he had too good an †.
—*Boston Globe.*

So he camped all night by the river side,
And remained till the tide had ceased to swell,
For he knew should the donkey from life subside,
He never would find its ‖.
—*Salem Sunbeam.*

When morning dawned and the tide was out,
The pair cross'd over 'neath Allah's protection,
And the Arab was happy, we have no doubt,
For he had the best donkey in all that §.
—*Somerville Journal.*

That donkey was seen by a Yankee man,
Who raised his voice and loud did holler:
"How much'll you take for that 'ere beast,
In gold or silver or paper $?"
—*Detroit Free Press.*

John Jago's Ghost;

—OR,—

THE DEAD ALIVE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PEBBLE AND THE WINDOW.

Miss Meadowcroft and I were the only representatives of the family at the farm who attended the trial. We went separately to Narrabee. Excepting the ordinary greetings at morning and night, Miss Meadowcroft had not said one word to me since the time when I told her that I did not believe John Jago to be a living man.

We insisted on making both the prisoners plead "Not guilty." This done, we took an objection to the legality of the proceedings at starting. We appealed to the old English law, that there should be no conviction for murder until the body of the murdered person was found, or proof of its destruction obtained beyond a doubt. We denied that sufficient proof had been obtained in the case now before the court.

The Judges consulted, and decided that the trial should go on. We took our next objection when the confessions were produced in evidence. We declared that they had been extorted by terror, or by undue influence, and we pointed out certain minor particulars in which the two confessions failed to corroborate each other. For the rest, our defense on this occasion was, as to essentials, what our defense had been at the inquiry before the magistrate. Once more the Judges consulted, and once more they overruled our objection. The confessions were admitted in evidence.

On their side, the prosecution produced one new witness in support of their case. It is needless to waste time in recapitulating his evidence. He contradicted himself gravely on cross-examination. We showed plainly, and after investigation proved, that he was not to be believed on his oath.

The Chief Justice summed up. He charged in relation to the confessions, that no weight should be attached to confession incited by hope or fear; and he left it to the jury to determine whether the confessions in this case had been so influenced. In the course of the trial, it had been shown for the defense that the Sheriff and the Governor of the prison had told Ambrose, with his father's knowledge and sanction, that the case was clearly against him; that the only chance of sparing his family the disgrace of his death by public execution lay in making a confession; and that they would do their best, if he did confess, to have his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life. As for Silas, he was proved to have been beside himself with terror when he made his abominable charge against his brother. We had vainly trusted to the evidence on these two points to induce the court to reject the confessions; and we were destined to be once more disappointed in anticipating that the same evidence would influence the verdict of the jury on the side of mercy. After an absence of an hour, they returned into court with a verdict of "Guilty" against both the prisoners.

Being asked in due form if they had anything to say in mitigation of their sentence, Ambrose and Silas solemnly declared their innocence, and publicly acknowledged that their respective confessions had been wrung from them with the hope of escaping the hangman's hands. This statement was not noticed by the bench. The prisoners were both sentenced to death.

On my return to the farm, I did not see Naomi. Miss Meadowcroft informed her of the result of the trial. Half an hour later, one of the women-servants handed to me an envelope bearing my name on it in Naomi's handwriting.

The envelope inclosed a letter, and with it a slip of paper on which Naomi had hurriedly written these words: "For God's sake read the letter I send you, and do something about it immediately!"

I looked at the letter. It assumed to be written by a gentleman in New York. Only the day before, he had, by the merest accident, seen the advertisement for John Jago, cut out of a newspaper and pasted into a book of "curiosities" kept by a friend. Upon this he wrote to Morwick Farm to say that he had seen a man exactly answering to the description of John Jago, but bearing another name, working as a clerk in a merchant's office in Jersey City. Having time to spare before the mail went out, he had returned to the office to take another look at the man before he posted his letter. To his surprise, he was informed that the clerk had not appeared at his desk that day. His employer had sent to his lodgings, and had been informed that he had suddenly packed up his hand-bag after reading the newspaper at breakfast; had paid his rent honestly, and had gone away, nobody knew where!

It was late in the evening when I read these lines. I had time for reflection before it would be necessary for me to act.

Assuming the letter to be genuine, and adopting Naomi's explanation of the motive which led John Jago to absent himself secretly from the farm, I reached the conclusion that the search for him might be usefully limited to Narrabee and to the surrounding neighborhood.

The newspaper at his breakfast had no doubt given him his first information of the finding of the Grand Jury, and of the trial to follow. It was in my experience of human nature that he should venture back to Narrabee under these circumstances, and under the influence of his infatuation for Naomi. More than this, it was again in my experience, I am sorry to say, that he should attempt to make the critical position of Ambrose a means of extorting Naomi's consent to listen favorably to his suit. Cruel indifference to the injury and the suffering which his sudden absence might inflict on others was plainly implied in his secret withdrawal from the farm. The same cruel indifference, pushed to a further extreme, might well lead him to press his proposals privately on Naomi, and to fix her acceptance of them as the price to be paid for saving her cousins' life.

To these conclusions I arrived after much thinking. I had determined, on Naomi's account, to clear the matter up; but it is only candid to add that my doubts of John Jago's existence remained unshaken by the letter. I believed it to be nothing more nor less than a heartless and stupid "hoax."

The striking of the hall clock roused me from my meditations. I counted the strokes—midnight!

I rose to go up to my room. Everybody else in the farm had retired, as usual, more than an hour since. The stillness in the house was breathless. I walked softly, by instinct, as I crossed the room to look out at the night. A lovely moonlight met my view; it was like the moonlight on the fatal night when Naomi had met John Jago on the garden walk.

My bedroom candle was on the side-table; I had just lit it; I was just leaving the room, when the door suddenly opened, and Naomi herself stood before me!

Recovering from the first shock of her sudden appearance, I saw instantly, in her eager eyes, her deadly-pale cheeks, that something serious had happened. A large cloak was thrown over her; a white handkerchief was tied over her head. Her hair was in disorder; she had evidently just risen in fear and in haste from her bed.

"What is it?" I asked, advancing to meet her.

She clung trembling with agitation to my arm.

"John Jago!" she whispered.

You will think my obstinacy invincible. I could hardly believe it, even then! "Do you mean John Jago's ghost?" I asked.

"I have seen John Jago himself," she answered.

"Where?"

"In the back yard, under my bedroom window!"

The emergency was far too serious to allow of any consideration for the small proprieties of every-day life.

"Let me see him!" I said.

"I am here to fetch you," she replied, in her frank and fearless way. "Come up stairs with me."

Her room was on the first floor of the house, and was the only bedroom which looked out on the back yard. On our way up the stairs she told me what had happened.

"I was in bed," she said, "but not asleep, when I heard a pebble strike against the window-pane. I waited, wondering what it meant. Another pebble was thrown against the glass. So far I was surprised, but not frightened. I got up, and ran to the window to look out. There was John Jago, looking up at me in the moonlight!"

"Did he see you?"

"Yes. He said, 'Come down and speak to me! I have something serious to say to you!'"

"Did you answer him?"

"As soon as I could fetch my breath, I said, 'Wait a little,' and ran down stairs to you. What shall I do?"

"Let me see him, and I will tell you."

We entered her room. Keeping cautiously behind the window-curtain, I looked out. There he was! His beard and mustache were shaved off; his hair was cut close. But there was no disguising his wild brown eyes, or the peculiar movement of his spare wiry figure, as he walked slowly to and fro in the moonlight, waiting for Naomi. For the moment my own agitation almost overpowered me; I had so firmly disbelieved that John Jago was a living man!

"What shall I do?" Naomi repeated.

"Is the door of the dairy open?" I asked.

"No; but the door of the tool-house, round the corner, is not locked."

"Very good. Show yourself at the window, and say to him, 'I am coming directly.'"

The brave girl obeyed me without a moment's hesitation. There had been no doubt about his eyes and gait; there was no doubt now about his voice as he answered softly from below—"All right!"

"Keep him talking to you where he is now," I said to Naomi, "until I have time to get round by the other way to the tool-house. Then pretend to be fearful of discovery at the dairy, and bring him round the corner, so that I can hear him behind the door."

We left the house together, and separated silently. Naomi followed my instructions with a woman's quick intelligence where stratagems are concerned. I had hardly been a minute in the tool-house before I heard him speaking to Naomi on the other side of the door.

The first words which I caught distinctly related to his motive for secretly leaving the farm. Mortified pride—doubly mortified by Naomi's contemptuous refusal, and by the personal indignity offered to him by Ambrose—was at the bottom of his conduct in absenting himself from Morwick. He owned that he had seen the advertisement, and that it had actually encouraged him to keep in hiding!

"After being laughed at and insulted and denied, I was glad," said the miserable wretch, "to see that some of you had serious reason to wish me back again. It rests with you, Miss Naomi, to keep me here, and to persuade me to save Ambrose by showing myself and owning to my name."

"What do you mean?" I heard Naomi ask, sternly. He lowered his voice; but I could still hear him.

"Promise you will marry me," he said, "and I will go before the magistrate to-morrow and show him that I am a living man."

"Suppose I refuse?"

"In that case you will lose me again, and none of you will find me till Ambrose is hanged."

"Are you villain enough, John Jago, to mean what you say?" asked the girl, raising her voice.

"If you attempt to give the alarm," he answered, "as true as God's above us, you will feel my hand on your throat! It's my turn now, miss; and I am not to be trifled with. Will you have me for your husband—yes or no?"

"No!" she answered, loudly and firmly.

I threw open the door, and seized him as he lifted his hand on her. He had not suffered from the nervous derangement which had weakened me, and he was the stronger man of the two. Naomi saved my life. She struck up his pistol as he pulled it out of his pocket with his free hand and presented it at my head. The bullet was fired into the air. I tripped up his heels at the same moment. The report of the pistol had alarmed the house. We two together kept him on the ground until help arrived.

CHAPTER XII.

THE END OF IT.

John Jago was brought before the magistrate, and John Jago was identified the next day.

The lives of Ambrose and Silas were, of course, no longer in peril, so far as human justice was concerned. But there were legal delays to be encountered, and legal formalities to be observed before the brothers could be released from prison in the characters of innocent men. During the interval which thus elapsed, certain events happened which may be briefly mentioned here before I close my narrative.

Mr. Meadowcroft the elder, broken by the suffering which he had gone through, died suddenly of a rheumatic affection of the heart. A codicil attached to his will abundantly justified what Naomi had told me of Miss Meadowcroft's influence over her father, and of the end she had in view in exercising it. A life-income only was left to Mr. Meadowcroft's sons. The freehold of the farm was bequeathed to his daughter, with the testator's recommendation added that she should marry his "best and dearest friend, Mr. John Jago."

Armed with the power of the will, the heiress of Morwick sent an insolent message to Naomi, requesting her no longer to consider herself one of the inmates at the farm. Miss Meadowcroft, it should be here added, positively refused to believe that John Jago had ever asked Naomi to be his wife, or had ever threatened her, as I had heard him threaten her, if she refused. She accused me, as she accused Naomi, of trying meanly to injure John Jago in her estimation, out of hatred toward "that much-injured man;" and she sent to me, as she had sent to Naomi, a formal notice to leave the house.

We two banished ones met the same day in the hall, with our traveling-bags in our hands.

"We are turned out together, friend Lefrank," said Naomi, with her quaintly comical smile. "You will go back to England, I guess, and I must make my own living in my own country. Women can get employment in the States if they have a friend to speak for them. Where shall I find some one who can give me a place?"

I saw my way to saying the right word at the right moment. "I have got a place to offer you," I replied, "if you see no objection to accepting it."

She suspected nothing, so far. "That's lucky, sir," was all she said. "Is it in a telegraph office, or in a dry-goods store?"

I astonished my little American friend by taking her then and there in my arms, and giving her my first kiss.

"The office is by my fireside," I said. "The salary is anything in reason you like to ask me for. And the place, Naomi, if you have no objection to it, is the place of my wife."

I have no more to say, except that years have passed since I spoke those words, and that I am as fond of Naomi as ever.

Some months after our marriage, Mrs. Lefrank wrote to a friend at Narrabee for news of what was going on at the farm. The answer informed us that Ambrose and Silas had emigrated to New Zealand, and that Miss Meadowcroft was alone at Morwick Farm. John Jago had refused to marry her. John Jago had disappeared again, nobody knew where.

Note in Conclusion.—The first idea of this little story was suggested to the author by a printed account of a trial which actually took place early in the present century, in the United States. The recently-published narrative in the case is entitled "The Trial, Confessions and Conviction of Jesse and Stephen Boorn for the Murder of Russell Colvin, and the Return of the Man Supposed to Have Been Murdered. By Hon. Leonard Sargeant, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Vermont (Manchester, Vermont, *Journal* Book and Job Office, 1873.)" It may not be amiss to add, for the benefit of incredulous readers, that all the "improbable events" in the story are matters of fact, taken from the printed narrative. Anything which "looks like truth" is, in nine cases out of ten, the invention of the author.—W. C.

[THE END.]

Her Illustrious Grandfather.

New Orleans has some very wealthy families who refer with pride to their ancestors. A few evenings ago Miss De Smith-Ryan was entertaining some visitors at her house, and, pointing to a picture on the wall, she said: "That is my illustrious grandfather. He was a man who seemed fitted by nature to occupy the higher walks of life, and was never satisfied unless he stood at the very top of the ladder." Her aged grandmother entered the parlor, and, hearing the latter part of her remarks, exclaimed: "Sure, that's the truth you spake, my child. Och! I'll nivir forget the day—bad cess to it—when poor Dinnis fell from the top of the ladder wid all the bricks upon him, and was afther breakin' his ribs aginst the ground—poor dear man! Be the powers, in those times the divil a bit more could he make than phorty cints a day, and——" But the honest old lady's voice was drowned by the banging of the piano as Miss De Smith-Ryan struck up: "I Wandered by the Sea-beat Shore."

A young Iowa farmer writes to his friends in the East who have been urging him to marry that he cannot keep a wife on thin wind and pond water and sleeping on a rail fence.

Very often a young man imagines himself to be a perfect brick, when he really isn't more than half baked.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

The eyes of a child under a year old should not be allowed to meet the blaze of an unshaded light.

If we take the word of Dr. Curschmann, consumption may be cured by inhaling pure carbolic acid and oil of turpentine.

Simple Drink for Dyspeptics.—A most palatable drink for a weak stomach is a pint of the best milk and a pint of cold water, adding a well-beaten egg, with salt to suit.

Get Your Sleep.—Nothing gives more mental and bodily vigor than sound rest when properly applied. Sleep is our great replenisher, and if we neglect to take it naturally in childhood, all the worse for us when we grow up. If we go to bed early, we ripen; if we sit up late, we decay; and, sooner or later, we contract a disease called insomnia, allowing it to be permanently fixed upon us, and then we decay, even in youth. Late hours are shadows from the grave.

How to Cure a Cold.—A medical journal tells how one man was cured of a cold: "He boiled a little wormwood and horehound together, and drank freely of the mixture before going to bed. The next day he took five pills, put one kind of plaster on his breast, another under his arm, and still another on his back. Upon advice from an experienced old lady he took all these off with an oyster-knife in the afternoon, and slapped on a mustard-plaster instead. Then he put some hot bricks on his feet and went to bed. Next morning another old lady came in with a bottle of goose-oil, and gave him a dose of it on a quill; and an aunt arrived about the same time with a bundle of sweet fern, which she made into tea and gave him every half-hour until noon, when he took a big dose of salts. After dinner, his wife, who had seen a fine old lady of great experience in doctoring, gave him two pills of her own make, about the size of a walnut and of similar shape, and two teaspoonfuls of home-made balsam to keep them down. Then he took a half-pint of hot rum, at the suggestion of an old sea Captain visiting in the next house, and steamed his legs with an alcohol bath. At this crisis two of his neighbors arrived, who saw at once that his blood was out of order, and gave him a half-gallon of spearmint tea and a big dose of castor-oil. Before going to bed he took eight of a new kind of pills, wrapped about his neck a flannel soaked in hot vinegar and salt, and had feathers burned on a shovel in his room. He is now cured and full of gratitude."

Nasal Catarrh.—We condense some leading points from an excellent paper on the subject, read by Dr. Bosworth before the New York Academy of Medicine: The nasal cavity and the pharynx (the cavity of the mouth back of the soft palate) are alike covered with a mucous membrane; are alike traversed by the current of air in respiration; are alike exposed to inflammation from changes of temperature and from inbreathed dust, and are alike without means of cleansing from hurtful accumulations. The mucous membrane keeps itself moist and soft by its own peculiar secretion. Its inflammation is the source of nasal catarrh. When inflamed the secretion is either increased or diminished. In the latter case we have "dry" catarrh. In both cases the inflammation tends to become chronic—the liability to "colds" constantly increasing, and each new one helping toward the chronic condition. In both cases—and this is the worst fact about it—the membrane is thickened by the inflammation, and in time may become permanently so, to the extent of closing up the passages. When the inflammation causes an increased flow of mucus it may also cause the white blood corpuscles to exude from the blood vessels, and thus render the mucus purulent or pus-like. This finds exit into the pharynx, where it either accumulates between its roof and the palate, or falls into the throat. The nasal passages becoming obstructed, the patient is forced to breathe through his mouth, whereby the disease is extended to the larynx and toward the lungs. In dry catarrh the thickened membrane crowds upon the mucous glands and arrests their natural activity. In this case the mucus is thick, dries rapidly, and forms a tenacious crust, beneath which the imprisoned secretions undergo degeneration, and become fetid and offensive. The disease should have the early attention of a physician. When the membranes have become hypertrophied (thickened) it is difficult to reduce them except by painful operations, and then the result is not certain. In many cases round masses of flesh develop far within the nostrils, which wholly close up the passages, and can be removed only by instruments.

A Marriage Certificate.

"I want ter git one of dem marriage licenses," said a negro, walking into the Board of Health office; "what you gwine to ax fur it?" "Two dollars and a half," replied the clerk. "Two dollars and a half!" repeated the negro, amazed. "Look hyar, white man, are yer gwyne charge me dat mirackerlus price, den 'spect me to 'sport er family, an' meat gwine up all de time? I tole dat fool gal, Mandy, it warn't no use to git married, dat it cost too much: but she's done got 'ligion in her head, and says she won't stay in de house wid me 'er nudder day less'n we is married by de law. De longer yer lib wid some wimmin de bigger fools dey git. Mandy's been talkin' to de preachah, an' he tole her less'n she had 'er marriage certiferkut she couldn't jine de church, an' I'se gwyne to drap 'er scantlin' on dat ole reptile de fus chance I git. I ain't got but $2, an' ef you fokes can't take dat den I'se gwyne to keep on like I did befo'." When he learned that he could not get married on $2 he left the office, muttering that it was "all fool notions anyhow, and I ain't got no money to trow 'way."—*New Orleans Times.*

Glutted with Glucose.

A suburban editor announces the fact that 300,000,000 pounds of glucose are manufactured in this country annually, and exclaims, "Think of it, ye lovers of candies and sugar—oil of vitriol and German rags!" He neglects to say that some of the "best" California honey is made out of this article, and that bees don't have a hand in it either.—*New York Commercial.*

I AM THE LAD THAT FOLLOWS THE PLOW.

I am the lad that follows the plow—
  Robin and thrush just whistle for me—
In a hickory suit, pretty well worn,
I go to the fields at early morn,
I help to scatter the golden corn—
  Robin and thrush just whistle for me.

Out in the meadows and woods and lanes
  Robin and thrush just whistle for me—
I watch the sheep and lambs at play;
When the grass is high I toss the hay;
There isn't a boy in the world so gay—
  Robin and thrush just whistle for me.

I go with father to shear the sheep—
  Robin and thrush just whistle for me.
I fodder the cattle, the mangers fill,
I drive a team, I go to the mill,
I milk the cows with a right good will—
  Robin and thrush just whistle for me.

I help the peaches and plums to save—
  Robin and thrush just whistle for me.
I am the boy that can climb a tree;
There isn't an apple too high for me;
There isn't an apple I cannot see—
  Robin and thrush just whistle for me.

When I'm a man I'll own a farm—
  Robin and thrush just whistle for me—
Horses and sheep and many a cow,
Stacks of wheat and a barley mow;
I'll be a farmer and follow the plow;
  Robin and thrush shall whistle for me.

'Tis better to stand in the golden corn—
  Robin and thrush just whistle for me—
To toss the hay in the breezy lea,
To pluck the fruit on the orchard tree,
Than roam about on the restless sea;
  So, sailor boy, I'll follow the plow.

'Tis better to hear the wild birds sing,
  Robin and thrush on the apple bough—
'Tis better to have a farm and a wife,
And lead a busy, peaceful life,
Than march to the noisy drum and fife;
  So, soldier boy, I'll follow the plow.

A DARK DAY.

Hetty Lockwood sat at the open window—a big basket of undarned stockings by her side, a copy of the last magazine on the table close by, while within reach a bright butterfly hovered about a newly-opened honeysuckle growing against the window. The spring breeze breathed balmily into the apartment, filling her senses with a delicious dreaminess, and her eyes wandered wistfully out beyond the shaded village street to the green fields and budding willows bordering the sparkling river. On a morning such as this who could endure to stay in doors? Who could endure to sit quietly down and darn stockings?

A girlish voice aroused Hetty. Looking from the window she saw Susie Lake leaning on the little front garden gate.

"Oh, Hetty, do come and walk with me down to Aunt Ellen's. The morning is lovely, and I have something to tell you."

"I am afraid I can't, Susie. It is Saturday, you know, and I am sewing and watching baby asleep, while mother is in the kitchen."

"Then I will have to tell you now, I suppose."

She came close under the window, and said, with a mischievous smile:

"Whom do you think I saw just now, Hetty?"

"I don't know who. The new minister?"

"No, indeed; somebody very different from that fat, red-faced old codger," returned Susie, irreverently.

"Oh, Susie, but who was it?"

"Now, it was Mr. Walter Hayes. Now, ain't you surprised?"

A vivid blush dyed Hetty's fair face. She made no reply, and Susie continued:

"His employer, Mr. Mitchell, sent him on business from Philadelphia to C——, and, as this wasn't much out of the way of his home, they give him leave to stop here for a day or two, so he told me when I met him just now. He arrived only an hour ago, in the stage from Cox's Station, and that is how I came to see him before you did, Hetty," she added, laughingly.

She passed on, leaving Hetty with flushed cheeks and brightened eye. No wonder. For more than a year past the thought of Walter Hayes had been the brightest spot of her life. One year ago he had stood at that same little green garden gate, in the moonlight, bidding her good-by before going away to the great city to seek his fortune. She remembered the warm, lingering clasp of his hand, and how he had said to her, in a voice that was low and trembling:

"You must not forget me, Hetty. I shall always think of you, Hetty, and when I come back—"

And just then her mother had come on the porch and called her in out of the damp air, and so he had left her reluctantly. But now he had come back and she would see him to-day.

"I do declare, Hetty," exclaimed her mother, bustling into the room, flushed from her pie-baking, "you are the laziest girl I ever saw. Here you've been upward of an hour darning one pair of stockings! What have you been about? Dreaming away your time as usual, no doubt, and with all the children's Sunday clothes to look over and lay out for to-morrow, beside the Saturday's chores."

Hetty penitently resumed her work; but she was very glad when toward sunset it was all done, and she had leisure to run up to her own little room, and never in her life had she taken such pains with her appearance as now.

How anxiously she listened for the expected ring at the front door. How tumultuously her heart beat when, at length, it came, and how heavy it sank when old Deacon Brown stalked in to discuss some church matters with her father. Then she began to look at the clock, and her heart grew fainter and fainter as she saw it traveling slowly around to 8 o'clock. In Riverside they kept early hours, and when, at a quarter of 9, Deacon Brown took leave, Hetty also rose, and, lighting her bedroom candle, went slowly and sadly up stairs.

When, next morning, she came down, her mother remarked, as she busied herself about the breakfast table:

"Hetty, Walter Hayes was here last night."

"Oh, mother!"

There was something almost pathetic in the look and tone, but Mrs. Lockwood was too busy with the steaming coffee pot to perceive it.

"He came in just as you had gone up stairs," she continued. "He asked for you, but it was so late I thought it hardly worth while to call you back again. He had been seeing Miss Mitchell home to her aunt's—that Philadelphia girl, you know, and I didn't know, until he mentioned it, that she was a niece of his employer, Mr. Mitchell. He is certainly improved. To my mind there is nothing like city life for giving people what they call style now. Make Eddie's milk toast while I pour out the coffee."

"I think," observed Mr. Lockwood, as he took his place at the table and cut into the cold corned beef; "I think I heard Harry Tunstall say yesterday that young Hayes was paying attention to Miss Mitchell. She's a handsome girl, and her father's got money. If Walter marries her he will do well—don't bolt your food like that, cut it properly, sir, before eating."

Hetty turned suddenly sick at heart. She said nothing, but she could not swallow her breakfast, and her mother presently remarked upon her pale looks:

"Don't you feel well, child? I noticed that you were fidgety last night. You're feverish, I doubt not, with the spring weather."

Hetty was glad that her mother permitted her to go to her room and lie down. There was never a fire in her room, but she drew the bed-clothes over her head and wished that she could thus shut herself out from the whole world. She felt forlorn and miserable. All her sweet, foolish dream of love seemed to have been rudely stricken at a blow. Walter had ceased to care for her. He had been won from her by that handsome, stylish girl from Philadelphia; and Hetty hid her face in her pillow and almost wished that she could die.

Her mother sent for her to come down to dinner. There was, she said, no use in staying up-stairs in the cold, and the child would be better by the fire, with some nice, warm soup. In there all the afternoon Hetty sat, while her father and the boys went to church and her mother read "Baxter's Rise and Progress" and sang dismal hymns to the baby.

"Het," said Bill, upon his return from church, "I saw your old beau, Mr. Walt. Hayes, at church with Miss Mitchell, and he shook hands with me and asked me how the family was. She's a real swell, I tell you, and, if you don't shine up some, she'll cut you out."

"William, don't let me here any more of such slang talk from you," said his mother, reprovingly.

"And Hetty," said her little sister, as she carefully drew off and folded her gloves, "I heard Kate Hayes telling Mrs. Green that Walter and Miss Mitchell were going back to-morrow to Philadelphia, and Mrs. Green said she supposed that was one reason of his coming to Riverside, that he might travel home with her."

Hetty lost all heart and hope at this. She longed for sympathy—to lay her head on her mother's knee and tell her all. But Mrs. Lockwood, though she really loved her children, was not one of those gentle and sympathetic mothers to whom their children thus turn; and Hetty went again to her lonely room, and, wrapping herself in a shawl, seated herself at the window and looked listlessly out.

A few people were passing. She hardly noticed them, until she suddenly met a pair of brown eyes; and she drew back with burning cheeks and a beating heart as Walter Hayes passed. How handsome he looked! and, as her mother had observed, how improved in appearance. And she—what could he think of her, sitting there pale and forlorn looking, with her hair all disordered about her face? He might come this evening, perhaps, and yet she hardly wished it now. It would only be painful to see him. Still, she dressed herself and went down stairs; though her head was throbbing and she felt really ill. And all the evening she waited and watched, and Walter never came, and she knew that he did not care to see her. And so ended the long, dreary day.

Next morning Hetty arose feverish and ill. But she busied herself about the household work; and when her mother, observing only that she was dull and languid, remarked that she needed a walk, and desired her to carry a jar of butter to old Mrs. Simpson, she made no objection. The day was pleasant, and, tying a pink-lined hood about her face, Hetty set off alone on her walk.

It was rather a long distance that she had to go—out of the village and across a field, and then by a lonely pathway lying along the foot of a hill. Mrs. Simpson kept her some time talking, and it was late when tired girl set out on her return.

Slowly retracing the little pathway, Hetty paused at the stile which led into the open field. It was pleasant there. The sun shed a golden light over the beech boughs and a breath of spring-time fragrance floated on the air. Somehow Hetty felt soothed as she stood resting on the stile and looked dreamily at the white clouds overhead.

An approaching footstep startled her. Turning, she saw a man's figure coming along the pathway. Her heart gave a great throb, and then seemed to stand still.

He came straight toward her, his hand extended, his lip smiling, his eyes looking straight into her own.

"Hetty!"

She looked up at him, half in hope, half in doubt, and the color came and went on her face.

"Hetty, I have wanted so much to see you."

She could not mistake the sincerity of his tone or the look of the brown eyes, and she answered, simply and naively:

"I thought you had forgotten me."

"Forgotten you?"

She could not have told how it happened, but somehow she found herself seated on the step of the stile with Walter beside her, and her cheek close—ah! very close—to his, while all the world around seemed transformed into a strange beauty and glory. Such miracles does a moment sometimes work in our lives.

As they walked slowly homeward together he told her that one thing and another had prevented his seeing her; among the rest, Bill having told him confidentially at the church that she was too sick to come down stairs that day—a statement which he had unfortunately credited, and when this morning he had called and learned from her mother where she had gone, he lost no time in following.

"But, Walter," said Hetty, hesitatingly, "do you know I heard something about you and—Miss Mitchell?"

He laughed.

"Miss Mitchell is to be married shortly, Hetty, to our junior partner. She has been very kind to me, and so has her uncle, my employer. Indeed, Hetty, I wanted to tell you of my good fortune and prospects, and to ask you, darling, if, when—"

And the words which had been for a whole year delayed were spoken, and Hetty wondered, as she came in sight of her home, whether this could be the same world that it had been on that dark, dark day, yesterday.

INTERESTING PARAGRAPHS.

Forty cords of oak wood will yield just about ten cords of merchantable charcoal.

Proportions of gunpowder as made by the government are seventy-five parts nitre, fifteen parts charcoal and ten parts sulphur.

"Thousands have tried it, and will never use any other," is the significant announcement of patent medicine.

The Atlantic Ocean if it were to be drained would be a vast plain with a mountain ridge in the middle, running parallel with our coast.

An inmate of the Union Home for Old Ladies in Philadelphia has distinguished herself by making a bed-quilt of 55,552 pieces. Though blind, she threaded every needle herself. The task took three years, and one hundred spools of thread.

There is a set of harmless liars frequently to be met with in company, who deal much in the marvelous. Their usual intention is to please and entertain; but as men are most delighted with what they conceive to be the truth, these people mistake the means of pleasing, and incur universal blame.—*Home.*

The life of a submarine telegraph cable is shown by experience to be from ten to twelve years. If a cable breaks in deep water after it is ten years of age, it cannot be lifted for repairs, as it will break of its own weight—a fatal difficulty, and for which there seems to be no practicable remedy.

The Chinese are said to believe that the reason why those who read the Bible become Christians is due to the stupefying power of the ink, which takes away his reason and leaves him ready to believe false doctrines. Warnings against the purchase of foreign books are frequent in consequence of this superstition.

The cigarettes manufactured in Vera Cruz, Mexico, are all made by women and children, and they earn only twenty-five cents per day. In the manufacture of cigars male hands are most generally employed, and earn about $1.50 per day. Wages are paid on the thousand and not by the day or month, and are consequently variable.

The largest grain elevator in the world is at Jersey City, erected by the Pennsylvania Railway Company. It is 145 feet wide, 200 feet long, and has a capacity for storing 1,500,000 bushels of grain. The building has twenty-four sets of elevating apparatus for taking grain from cars, and four "conveyors" run from the building to the wharf for unloading canal boats and loading ships.

In many parts of Southern Europe, a flour is made from chestnuts which is said not only to be cheaper, but fully equal to wheat flower in the making of breads. A writer from this country states that in some places wheat flour and corn meal are entirely superseded by this product, which is very nourishing, and can be saved two years or longer without injury.

Christening infants by sprinkling water upon them was a custom among savage tribes long before they had any intercourse with Christians. Mungo Park describes an African festival held when the child was about a week old, at which a priest took the baby in his arms and invoked blessings upon it and upon its family and friends.

The heroine of a current novel asks: "Is it only old women who spread scandal, and whisper away characters, and find means of laying an extra coat of black paint on to the darkest reputations? I think I know certain persons of the other sex whose bald heads cover heads as small and as as active, whose eyes peer through their spectacles at quite as many wonderful sights, and whose tongues wag no less pleasantly behind their false teeth."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints; after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Mining Among Rats.

Working in the famous "Sutro tunnel" is no joke. The rats and bats have it all their own way. The miner who brings his lunch-basket is not at all sure that he will eat its contents. If he leaves it for a few moments, the rats eat lunch and basket and all. Nor is his chance for dinner much better if, instead of the basket, he takes the ordinary tin kettle. A party of rats will steal a kettle before its owner's eyes, and roll it away down in a hole where no man can follow them. They force the lid off and devour the contents at their leisure. There are millions of these rats, and many of them are larger than kittens and more muscular and rapacious.

The bats bother the miners and the mules. When one big bat flies against a miner's face, and another bat equally as big flies in the face of that miner's mule, there is a complication of troubles. The man cannot see which way the mule is going to kick, and the mule, who cannot see either, kicks at random, and is apt to hit the man where the bat hit him. The bats are almost as large, as numerous and as powerful as rats.

For a man to have his dinner stolen by rats, then to be hit by a bat, and kicked by a mule, is a combination of infelicities calculated to make him wish himself at work in almost any other field of labor.

Kidney-Wort moves the bowels regularly, cleanses the blood, and radically cures kidney disease, gravel, piles, bilious headache and pains which are caused by disordered liver and kidneys. Thousands have been cured—why should you not try it? Your druggist will tell you that it is one of the most successful medicines ever known. It is sold in both dry and liquid form, and its action is positive and sure in either.—*Dallas (Tex.) Herald.*

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WINTER AND SUMMER.

BY H. O. KNOWLTON.

Oh, I wish the winter would go,
  And I wish the summer would come,
Then the big brown farmer will hoe,
  The little brown bee will hum.
    Ho, hum!

Then the robin his fife will trill,
  And the woodpecker beat his drum,
And out of their tents in the hill
  The little green troops will come.
    Ho, hum!

Now the blossoms are sick in bed,
  And the dear little birds are dumb,
The brook has a cold in her head,
  O, summer takes long to come.
    Ho, hum!

When in bonnie blue fields of sky
  And in bonnie green fields below,
The cloud-flocks fly and the lamb-flocks lie,
  Then summer will come, I know.
    Ho, ho!

Then around and over the trees,
  With a flutter and flirt will go
A rollicking, frolicking breeze,
  And away with a whisk, ho, ho.
    Ho, ho!

Oh, the blossoms take long to come,
  And the icicles long to go;
But the summer will come, and the bees will hum,
  And the bright little brook will flow,
    I know. Ho, ho!

—*St. Nicholas.*

MISS "BILLY BUTTON."

"Hallo! There goes Billy Button! Let's run and see who will carry the books and lunch-box to-day!" cried a bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked fellow of seventeen, who seemed to have his arms already full of books and lunch-box.

This "Billy Button" was not the fat little tailor, who, covered with buttons the size of saucers, used to make—perhaps still makes—people laugh at the circus.

No, the Billy Button who had just turned the corner, with books, lunch-box, and a bunch of spring violets, was a pretty girl of sixteen, with eyes like stars, and cheeks like roses; and with a heart—notwithstanding her follies—kind and true.

The bare act of living and breathing was a joy to Sarah Leeds; and life had been one gala day to her. Every wish was gratified, and every freak laughed at at home and among her friends; so that she felt she was quite an important personage in this little world. Her satisfaction with herself was shown in her bright eye and dancing step.

Is it any wonder that she sometimes did silly and imprudent things?

Sarah Leeds had a weakness for peculiar dress. She preferred to wear dresses unlike those worn by other girls, or she overdid a fashion till people turned round and looked after her in the street.

When long sacques came in fashion, hers extended to the hem of her dress, and was ornamented with white buttons—the size of an old cent—down the front and back seams, on the strap at the back, and on the pockets and cuffs.

She came in view like a galaxy of pearl buttons, and thus gained the sobriquet of Billy Button.

A felt hat of her brother's, without bow or plume, sat on one side of her head, completed her costume that winter.

She was so bright and funny that the high school boys vied with each other for the honor of carrying her books, and showing her other little attentions; but none of them wished their sisters to copy her dress or her manners.

They even gave her nicknames when talking with each other, calling her "Dancing Sally," in reference to her gait, and the "Snapping Turtle," because she snapped up all "the beans"—as they called themselves—from the other girls.

One bright spring day, a merry group of high school girls and boys went to the adjacent woods in search of May flowers. Sarah's marked garments proved too warm for its owner, and the boys took turns carrying it.

One said, "You won't need this thing any more this year. Won't you give me a button for a keepsake?"

"Yes, indeed, if you want one," was the merry reply.

"Oh, give me one, too!"

"And me, too."

"And me, and me," rang through the group.

"Help yourselves! Only stop your noise!" cried the little belle, clapping her fingers over her ears.

Out came penknives and jackknives; and off came the buttons. Any one who knows boys can imagine the condition of the garment after this. It was full of holes like eyes, all up and down the front; and was never worn again.

A few years went by. One of these fellows, who had had such fun with "Billy Button," had grown to manhood, and moved from Boston to Chicago.

Calling one evening on a new friend, who lived in a good deal of style with a stately widowed mother, he was asked if he had ever met a Miss Leeds, who lived near Boston.

"Cranston Leeds' daughter?" asked "young Boston," his eyes full of fun.

"Yes."

"Indeed! I did know her well."

The old lady, who regarded all girls who were strangers to her as dangerous associates for her son, pushed back the lace from her ears and straightened herself to listen.

"Many a frolic I've had with her! She's a high one, isn't she? She was a right good-hearted girl, and all the fellows at school used to flutter round her. But I don't think any one of them ever wanted to marry her," was the reply.

"Mercy! What did she do, and who were her people?" cried the old dowager, with an excitement quite unwarranted by the simple question of her son to his friend.

"O madam, I don't think she ever did a really wrong thing in her life; and she was as good-hearted a girl ever lived," said the young man.

"But a butt for sport-loving boys!" replied Mrs. Stanton, casting a sarcastic glance at her son.

"Oh no, not exactly. But she made fun, and we liked her for it."

And then the young fellow, unconscious of havoc he was making of a young girl's hopes, went on to tell the story of the long sack and its mutilation on that May day by the cutting off of the rows of buttons; little dreaming that a sparkling diamond ring had taken a journey to Boston, and had come back because Stanton was too shy to offer it to Sarah Leeds, and that it lay at that moment in his pocket-book waiting till he should be able to raise his courage sufficiently high to send it.

"Well," cried Mrs. Stanton, when her son's friend had left the house, "never let me hear that girl's name again, Henry. I want no 'Billy Buttons' round here!"

Stanton had met Miss Leeds at Saratoga, and been quite at his ease, because she saved him the trouble of being agreeable and entertaining.

He was charmed with her, as very bashful young men always are with talkative and self-confident girls; and had lately been to Boston and called on her at her suburban home.

Before he went, he had bought the hinden ring, but had neither courage to ask his mother's blessing on his purpose, nor to offer the lady his hand.

He had but one thought waking and sleeping; and all hopes were lost in the one hope of bringing this merry and jovial girl to their quiet home.

But now a barrier impenetrable as a mountain of rock had been thrown between them, by the innocent chatter of his friend!

"Tell me, my son, how far this matter has gone between you and 'Billy Button,'" asked the mother sarcastically.

"Not far at all, mother; and probably a brilliant girl like Miss Leeds would not look at a quiet—a—stupid fellow like me—like your son," was the reply.

"Hush! you are too good for a girl whom anyone would dare to ridicule. If you have taken no step you cannot retrace, thank heaven for it! If you have, get another home of which 'Billy Button' can be mistress. I never can consent to have her come her!"

The young fellow made no reply, though he inwardly resolved not to let his mother say who he should or should not marry.

But this lady knew how to wield sarcasm as a mighty weapon. She never ceased to play on the name of "Billy Button," and to remind him that a dozen young men were carrying about as trophies of boyish victory, the buttons, the hair, and—possibly—other favors from this Yankee divinity.

Perhaps Stanton himself began to fear that there might be an offensive element in the character of Sarah Leeds.

Perhaps he was overpowered by his mother's strong will.

At any rate he soon ceased to scowl when she laughed about "Billy Button," and the diamond ring was reserved for some other finger than the one for which he had bought it.

Remember, girls, that the follies of to-day will not always be forgotten in the years to come.—*Youths' Companion.*

[From the Chicago Western Catholic.]

The latest man who has been made happy through the use of this valuable liniment is Mr. James A. Conlan, Librarian of the Union Catholic Library of this city. The following is Mr. Conlan's indorsement:

Union Catholic Library Association,
204 Dearborn Street,
Chicago, Sept. 16, 1880.

I wish to add my testimony as to the merits of St. Jacobs Oil as a cure for rheumatism. One bottle has cured me of this troublesome disease, which gave me a great deal of bother for a long time; but, thanks to the remedy, I am cured. This statement is unsolicited by any one in its interest.

James A. Conlan, Librarian.

No Bread for the Children.

If anyone ever invents a greater folly than the so-called labor strikes, it is to be hoped his machinations will never fall upon its helpless victims. Every day of idleness means a day's wages thrown away; it means a certain amount of money wasted that every workingman's family *needs*; a pair of boots for a boy; a dress for a girl; a third of a barrel of flour; two or three bushels of potatoes; twenty pounds of meat. It means a portion of the necessaries or comforts of life snatched from a family. A striking laborer, who lives on Spencer street, and who has a wife and several children dependent upon his labor, has been voluntarily idle for several days. Yesterday the wife went to the house of a neighbor and borrowed part of a loaf of bread for breakfast, saying that she would repay the loan as soon as her husband could get some money from "the union." The striker was getting $2.50 per day when he quit work, but is not ashamed to eat the bread of a man who works early and late to earn $2 per day.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Women Never Think."

If the crabbed old bachelor who uttered this sentiment could but witness the intense thought, deep study and thorough investigation of women in determining the best medicines to keep their families well, and would note their sagacity and wisdom in selecting Hop Bitters as the best, and demonstrating it by keeping their families in perpetual health, at a mere nominal expense, he would be forced to acknowledge that such sentiments are baseless and false.—*Picayune.*

A New-Fangled Contribution Box.

The latest thing originated by churches to call the wandering sinner home from the land of dreams, as the contribution box is being passed, is an electric attachment to the bottom of the box. The sexton goes around with the box, and if a sinner is asleep, or looking the other way, the box is placed against his hand, or ear, or nose, or bald head, or anywhere that the flesh can be touched. You know what a tingling sensation is given when you touch an electric battery. Well, this is the same, only more so, and when a man is once touched with it he remembers where he is forever after. They tried it in a Boston church last Sunday, and touched a sleeping deacon on the nose. He threw his head back, struck a woman in the pew back of him, who was standing up to take off her cloak, in the stomach, and then the man struck the sexton, and the woman's escort struck the man whose head hit his wife, and there was a terrible time, but after it was explained the man put half a dollar in the box.—*Peck's Sun.*

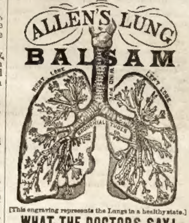
Ladies making collections of business cards, send to Cragin & Co., Phila., Pa., for a set of seven cards in six colors and gold, illustrating Shakspeare's "Seven Ages of Man." Sent gratis to users of Dobbins' Electric Soap.

Dr. Holman's Pad works directly upon the liver through the pores of the skin, quietly, thoroughly and without inconvenience, performing a most important function. It is honest, effective and harmless.

We have received a sample of the article advertised by E. E. Grems in another column of this paper, and pronounce it a good thing. See advertisement.

Agents and canvassers make from $25 to $50 per week selling goods for E. G. Rideout & Co., 10 Barclay street, New York. Send for their catalogue and terms.

A GOOD FAMILY REMEDY
STRICTLY PURE.



[This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.]

WHAT THE DOCTORS SAY!

DR. FLETCHER, of Lexington, Missouri, says: "I recommend your '**Balsam**' in preference to any other medicine for coughs and colds."

DR. A. C. JOHNSON, of Mt. Vernon, Ill., writes of some wonderful cures of **Consumption** in his place by the use of "**Allen's Lung Balsam.**"

DR. J. B. TURNER, Blountsville, Ala., a practicing physician of twenty-five years, writes: "It is the best preparation for Consumption in the world."

For all Diseases of the Throat, Lungs and Pulmonary Organs, it will be found a most excellent Remedy.

AS AN EXPECTORANT IT HAS NO EQUAL.
IT CONTAINS NO OPIUM IN ANY FORM.

J. N. HARRIS & CO., Proprietors,
CINCINNATI, O.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

KIDNEY-WORT

DOES WONDERFUL CURES! WHY?

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Billousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and Female Complaints.

SEE WHAT PEOPLE SAY:

Eugene B. Stork, of Junction City, Kansas, says, Kidney-Wort cured him after regular Physicians had been trying for four years.

Mrs. John Arnall, of Washington, Ohio, says her boy was given up to die by four prominent physicians and that he was afterwards cured by Kidney-Wort.

M. M. B. Goodwin, an editor in Chardon, Ohio, says he was not expected to live, being bloated beyond belief, but Kidney-Wort cured him.

Anna L. Jarrett of South Salem, N. Y., says that seven years suffering from kidney troubles and other complications was ended by the use of Kidney-Wort.

John B. Lawrence of Jackson, Tenn., suffered for years from liver and kidney troubles and after taking "barrels of other medicines," Kidney-Wort made him well.

Michael Coto of Montgomery Center, Vt., suffered eight years with kidney difficulty and was unable to work. Kidney-Wort made him "well as ever."

KIDNEY-WORT

PERMANENTLY CURES
KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
Constipation and Piles.

☞ It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form in tin cans, one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those that cannot readily prepare it.

☞ *It acts with equal efficiency in either form.*

GET IT AT THE DRUGGISTS. PRICE, $1.00
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop's,
(Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.

A combination of **Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion,** with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, makes the greatest **Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator,** and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.

No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.

To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, **without intoxicating.**

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable, use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use **Hop B.**

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "INVALIDS FRIEND and HOPE" and no person or family should be without them.

D.I.C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N.Y. and Toronto, Ont.

TAKE THE

CHICAGO
BURLINGTON
AND
QUINCY RR
FOR ALL POINTS
EAST AND WEST

THE GREAT
BURLINGTON ROUTE.

☞ No other line runs Three Through Passenger Trains Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Lincoln, St. Joseph, Atchison, Topeka and Kansas City. Direct connections for all points in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho, Oregon and California.

The unequaled inducements offered by this Line to Travelers and Tourists, are as follows: The celebrated Pullman (16-wheel) Palace Sleeping Cars, run only on this Line. C., B. & Q. Palace Drawing-Room Cars, with Horton's Reclining Chairs. No extra charge for Seats in Reclining Chairs. The famous C., B. & Q. Palace Dining Cars. Gorgeous Smoking Cars fitted with Elegant High-Backed Rattan Revolving Chairs for the exclusive use of first-class passengers.

Steel Track and Superior Equipment, combined with their Great Through Car Arrangement, makes this, above all others, the favorite Route to the South, South-West, and the Far West.

Try it, and you will find traveling a luxury instead of a discomfort.

Through Tickets via this Celebrated Line for sale at all offices in the United States and Canada.

All information about Rates of Fare, Sleeping Car Accommodations, Time Tables, &c., will be cheerfully given by applying to

JAMES R. WOOD,
General Passenger Agent, Chicago.
T. J. POTTER,
General Manager, Chicago.

The Chicago Ledger.

Published Every Saturday.

TERMS OF THE LEDGER.

One copy one year....................$1.00
One copy one month....................10

Subscriptions for all periods less than one year will be charged at the rate of ten cents per month. No attention paid to orders not accompanied by the money.

Any subscriber sending us ten names, at $1.00 each, will receive a copy of the paper one year without charge.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Per line, each insertion....................15c.

☞ A Special Discount will be made upon contracts running for one year.

A Liberal Discount Made on Large Orders.

ADDRESS

THE CHICAGO LEDGER,
181 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1881.

EVER FAITHFUL;

A Story of Thrilling Interest.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

Our issue of June 4 will contain the opening chapters of a story having the above title. As will be noticed, it is the work of one of the foremost writers of English fiction, and feel that we are very fortunate in being able to secure it for the columns of THE LEDGER. In this opinion we confidently expect our readers to concur after perusal.

THE COLOR OF LIGHTNING.

The color of lightning is altogether due to the nature of the substance which is made incandescent in its track. The blue, red, purple and silver tints, which are ordinarily much more brilliantly marked in warm climates and inter-tropical countries than they ever are in England, are due to the same circumstances as the color which is designedly communicated to the light of different kinds of fireworks. It is a result of the intrinsic nature of the vaporized particles which are made to shine. The vapor of iron has one kind of sheen and the vapor of sulphur another. Each different foreign ingredient that floats in the air has its own proper hue, which it can communicate to the lightning. The broad flashes of light which appear in the clouds during a thunder-storm and that are distinguished as sheet lightning, are very often merely the reflections from the cloud mist of the discharges that pass from one part to another with each redistribution of the internal charge, as the tension at the outer surface is changed by an external flash. This redistribution of the internal changes is sometimes also marked by beautiful lines of coruscation playing upon the dark background as the storm drifts away. There is a table mountain a few miles away from Pietermaritzburg, in Natal, over which this kind of display is continually exhibited. The retreating storm clouds linger over the flat top of this mountain, where they can be seen from the city in the advancing night. In this dark canopy of the mountain bright coruscations, accompanying each redistribution of the electrical charge, can be watched for hours at a time—now assuming the forms of coronals of electric fire, now running along in machiolated horizontal lines just above the flat top of the mountain, and now radiating out in all directions from a central loop, like the cracks of starred glass.—*Science for All.*

WEB PRESSES.

Less than fifteen years ago, says the *Inter Ocean*, the web printing presses—that is, the presses that print from an endless sheet of paper—were pronounced generally by newspaper publishers failures. Now no daily newspaper of any extended circulation is printed except on these web presses, and without them it would be impossible in the limited space of an ordinary press-room to turn out such an enormous quantity of printed papers as is now done.

The presses that preceded the web presses, which are at present in vogue, were the famous cylinder presses built by Hoe & Co., of New York, in which the speed of production was only increased by multiplying the number of cylinders to the press. Those presses were, therefore, built with four, six, eight, and even ten cylinders. They were thus large and very cumbersome, taking up a great deal of room and requiring an immense amount of help. An eight-cylinder press required to run it effectively about twelve hands, whereas a web press with three hands will accomplish more than one of these huge monsters. It was a marked era when the newspapers of the country turned out the old-fashioned cylinder presses and put in the new web presses.

SARCASTIC SIMILES.

The Chinese say some sarcastic things. They call a blustering, harmless fellow "a paper tiger." A man who places too high a valuation upon himself they compare to "a rat falling into a scale and weighing itself." A hunchback making a bow is what they call overdoing a thing. A spendthrift they compare to "a rocket," which goes off all at once, and a man who expends his charity on remote objects, neglecting his own family, is said to "hang up a lantern on a pole, which is seen afar, but gives no light below."

AMERICAN MANUFACTURES IN INDIA.

It is a pleasure to me to be able to tell our American manufacturers that their goods, in all branches of trade, find a ready market and have a preference nere in India. There is a lack of goods sent out here, I mean of everything which would be adaptable to the country. I have given the subject due consideration, and what I would recommend would be the establishment of an amalgamated company, to consist of all departments of manufactures. All classes of American wares are preferred. Look, for instance, at the large number of stoves that have been sold out here; also, hardware, ironmongery, etc. I need only refer you to the exports from the United States to India. The establishment of an American emporium here of purely American goods would be a success financially. Look at the demand for American dried fruits, for instance. What little does come gets into the hands of a few dealers, and I can tell you that I have often paid 50 cents a pound for dried apples, while only the other day I paid $1.50 for a two-pound tin of Chicago salt beef.

Great quantities of goods are sold here labeled American when they are not; for instance, I went into what is called a respectable establishment about a month ago to purchase an American stove. I was shown bogus articles. I told the dealer that no American would ever export such rubbish. I put the big blade of my knife full length into many of the joints, and others were filled in; the utensils were cut so uneven that on one side of a pot I looked at it was scarcely one-sixteenth, while on the other it was fully three-eighths. The way to stop this would be to establish a real sound American trading company, to embrace every description of manufactures.—*Letter from India to Scientific American.*

A REVISED WEBSTER.

Necessity—n. A female who has blessed the world with a number of useful children.

Neck—n. Of a society lady means half-way down to the waist.

Neighbor—n. Food for scandal.

Never—adv. Generally means hardly ever.

Newspaper—n. A publication in which the affairs of the nation are settled by men who frequently can't settle their own wash bill.

Nice—adj. See naughty.

Nourishment—n. Formerly bread; now whisky, tobacco and beer.

Nuptials—n. The prologue to a comedy-tragedy drama.

Pardon—n. A punishment inflicted on American criminals.

Parson—n. A shepherd who is frequently more interested in Mary than in the little lambs.

Pathology—n. The science which teaches how to tell a man that he has stomach ache, after he has told you he has a pain in his stomach.

People—n. An insignificant section of the American political machine, who are allowed to vote to keep them in good humor, after the politicians have chosen their rulers for them.—*San Francisco Wasp.*

TRAIN IT.

A writer in the Chicago *Express*, who may know to his own cost how an editor's memory suffers in the public service, from the necessity of the "skimming" he speaks of, offers some good suggestions which young people, at least, may profit by:

"Your memory is bad, perhaps, but there are two ways of curing the worst memory. One of them is to read a subject when interested; the other is to not only read, but think. When you have read a paragraph or a page, stop, close the book, and try to remember the ideas on the page, and not only call them vaguely to mind, but put them in words and speak them out. Faithfully follow these two rules, and you have the golden keys of knowledge.

"Beside inattentive reading, there are other things injurious to the memory. One is the habit of skimming over newspapers, items of news, smart remarks, items of information, political reflections, fashion notes, so that all is a confused jumble, never to be thought of again, thus diligently cultivating a habit of careless reading hard to break. Another is the reading of trashy novels."

A VAST MACHINERY.

The postal service of the United States has grown from a thing of comparative insignificance half a century ago to government machinery, the like of which no country ever before produced. Within the life of many people now living, we counted our mail routes by a few thousands of miles, and the service was less than weekly over only a very few of them. We have now a daily mail service over much more than a hundred thousand miles. It seems but a short time ago when a postal estimate for $5,000,000 a year startled the most extravagant politicians. The estimates now are for over $40,000,000. From 1850 to 1860, the expenditures of the department were but a little over $105,000,000, or an average of $10,500,000 a year; the receipts averaging but $6,790,000, or 35½ per cent. less than the expenditures. The actual deficiency was then nearly as much yearly as now, when the expenses are three times as great and the service twenty times as comprehensive. The receipts from 1870 to 1880 were $287,000,000, against $316,778,000 expenditures. The average deficiency was less than $3,000,000 a year. From 1858 to 1861, the receipts were 44 per cent. below the expenses. But for the three years ending June 30, 1880, the difference was only 11 per cent.; the deficiency being less than $4,000,000 a year. Yet this was an era of the greatest amount of service—compared with the first named as 4 to 1. It appears that, as the machinery enlarges, the per cent. of deficiency diminishes. In 1860, it was 42¾ per cent.; in 1880, but 7¾ per cent. At the same time, too, the cost to the people who use the mails for the transportation of letters, papers, packages, has been wonderfully reduced. Twenty years ago it cost 10 cents to send a letter 3,000 miles. Now the uniform charge is 3 cents, and on papers and packages there has been as great a reduction.

HORACE GREELEY, THE PRINTER.

Men who have won greatness by hard toil are usually less proud of their high place than of the industry that earned it. No one ever thought more of his first honest trade and its tools than did Horace Greeley. Mr. B. P. Shillaber (author of "Mrs. Partington") understood this fact, and once took a happy advantage of it. He says, in a letter to the Hartford *Post*:

"I was in New York during his best days, and in company with Charles G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilly) dropped into the printing office of the *Tribune*. Mr. Dana, now of the *Sun*, was in the outer office, and discouraged our disturbing Mr. Greeley, who was very busy, he said, and whom I could see in his little room (described by Mr. Congdon in his reminiscences), writing under a gas-burner, though it was noonday out doors. To interdict Halpine was to urge him to go ahead, and in he went, dragging me with him. Mr. Greeley turned upon us almost fiercely, and Halpine introduced me. His reception of me was not cordial, but gentlemanly.

"'Sir,' said I, with a diplomatic tact which should have given me a foreign mission before now, 'I am about returning to Boston, and could not go until I had shaken hands with—not the statesman, not the politician, not the philanthropist, but with Horace Greeley, the printer.'

"He laid down his pen, shook me warmly by the hands, and, during the interview, which I made very short, he was urbanity itself. The friendship thus formed lasted through his life, and I never met him but he had some allusion to the profession of which he had been so long an ornament, and of which he was so proud."

COURAGE IN EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Have the courage to discharge a debt, while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent to do so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a seedy coat, though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

Have the courage to make a will and a just one.

Have the courage to tell a man why you do not lend him your money.

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have when convinced he lacks principle. "A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities," but not with his vices.

Have the courage to show that you respect honesty in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonest duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you pay for your new ones.

Have the courage to obey your Maker at the risk of being ridiculed by men.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and prosperity to fashion in all things.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek credit for knowledge under false pretenses.

Have the courage to provide for the entertainment of your friends within your means, not beyond it.

DISCONSOLATE JONES was sitting on a bench out on the Galveston beach, looking very disconsolate, when old Uncle Mose came along. "What's de matter now, Jones?" asked the old man. "I is jest a-worryin' about myself," responded Disconsolate Jones. "You is de biggest fool niggah on Galveston island. You is always worryin' yerself to deff about nuffin at all."—*Galveston News.*

PERSISTENCY is sure to win. This is especially true in advertising. A man will reap some results from one insertion of his advertisement, and more from each successive insertion. To see a man's name and his goods week after week is bound to make an impression which will bring forth results desired.—*Stationer and Printer.*

HOME TOPICS.

WHIPPED POTATOES.—Whip boiled potatoes to creamy lightness with a fork; beat in butter, milk, pepper and salt; at last the frothed white of an egg; toss irregularly upon a dish, set in the oven two minutes to reheat, but do not let it color.

BEAN SALAD.—Put some Lima beans, potatoes and beets (all boiled tender) on ice, and, a short time before serving, cut the patatoes and beets into rather thin slices, add the beans and dress with oil, pepper, salt and vinegar. Garnish with a few watercresses.

OKRA SOUP.—To two pounds of lean beef, boiled in two gallons of water for two hours, add tomatoes and okra each two quarts; boil these three hours moderately, then add three table-spoonfuls of browned flour, twenty whole cloves, pepper, salt and three onions (first fried and then added to the soup), boil another hour, strain and serve.

COFFEE CAKE.—This is one of the best plain cakes and is very easily made. Take one cup of strong coffee infusion, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one egg and one teaspoonful of saleratus. Add spice and raisins to suit the taste, and enough flour to make a reasonably-thick batter. Bake rather slowly in tin pans lined with buttered paper.

HOW TO MAKE A DRUGGET.—We hear of an ingenious person who has converted an old thick shawl into a drugget by cutting out the leaves and flowers from a worn-out piece of printed druggeting and grouping them on the shawl. When a satisfactory pattern has been thus arranged these flowers were pasted on and pressed with an iron and the edges worked over with the commonest coarse gray yarn, the edge of the shawl being bound with red carpet binding. It was put down in a furnished house, over a shabby carpet, and was a complete success.—*Art Amateur.*

QUAKER OMELETTE.—A Quaker omelette is a handsome and sure dish when care is taken in the preparation. Three eggs, half a cup of milk, one and a half table-spoonfuls of corn starch, one teaspoonful of salt, one table-spoonful of butter. Put the omelette pan and a cover that will fit close on to heat. Beat the yolk of the eggs, the corn starch and the salt very well together. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, add to the well-beaten yolks and corn starch. Stir all well together very thoroughly, then add the milk. Now put the butter in the hot pan and when melted pour in the mixture, cover and place on the stove where it will brown but not burn. Cook about seven minutes, fold, turn on a hot dish and serve with the cream sauce.

APPLE CREAM CAKE.—Rub one ounce of butter into three-quarters of a pound of flour and take half a pint of sour cream; dissolve a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda in a teaspoon of boiling water, add it to the sour cream and stir it till it froths well. If the cream is very sour it may require a little more soda. Be careful that it is frothy, or else the paste will not be light. Stir the frothing cream into the flour, enough to make a soft paste; line a greased plate with a thin layer of paste; have ready some stewed apple, sweetened and perfectly cold, grated lemon peel mixed in just before they are put into the cake, and as little juice from the apples as possible or the crust will be soddened. Spread the stewed apples over the paste, leaving a narrow margin for the top crust to adhere to the bottom, roll out the top crust an inch thick; pinch the edges well together to make it a little ornamented round the edge, and bake it in quick oven. This quantity of paste should make two good-sized cakes, the size of a dinner plate; a tin plate is best to bake them on; they are equally good cold or hot, and are eaten with sugar and cream.

RICE AS FOOD.

The value of rice as food is set forth the *Sanitarian*:

Rice is almost the only diet of the peo- in China, India and all Eastern untries. In those countries it is used a substitute for potatoes. At the esent low price of domestic rice, it is e cheapest food obtainable.

Potatoes contain about eighty per nt. of water, and do not gain much in e process of cooking. Rice has no aste whatever, contains only twenty-vo per cent. of water, and in boiling ains three times its original bulk. ence, one pound of rice at six and one-urth cents per pound makes three mes as much when cooked; equal t ree pounds of potatoes at two and one-alf cents per pound, or seven and one-alf cents.

Rice properly prepared should come pon the table dry, each grain unbrok-, and served with the condiments used o potatoes; and be partaken of as a veg-able, with meats, and not as a dessert.

'HE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

n English lady, accustomed to trav-g abroad, and able to converse fluent-h the languages of the countries she ;ed, found herself alone in a railway iage in Germany, when two foreign-ntered with pipes in their mouths, ing strong tobacco furiously. She tly told them in their own language that it was not a smoking-carriage, but they persisted in continuing to smoke, remarking that "it was the custom of the country," upon which the lady took from her pocket a pair of gloves and commenced cleaning them with benzoline. Her fellow-passengers expressed their disgust at the nauseous effluvium, when she remarked that "it was the custom of her country." She was soon left in sole possession of the carriage.

THE CONSUMPTION OF PAPER.

If Liebig, in his day, gauged the civilization of a country by the quantity of soap consumed, we are more fully justified, in our age, in using paper as a measure of culture. This is most plainly demonstrated by the total production of each separate country, and the consumption of paper per head of its population. The United States stands first on the list, producing 460,000,000 pounds, and importing beside about 4,000,000 more; next follow Germany with 452,000,000, England with 402,000,000, France with 296,000,000, Austria with 216,000,000, Italy with 112,000,000, Russia with 72,000,000, Spain with 68,000,000, little Belgium with 54,000,000, Switzerland with 32,000,000, Sweden with 30,000,000, the Netherlands and Portugal each with 16,000,000, and Denmark 10,000,000 pounds. Greece, Roumania and Turkey manufacture almost no paper, and import together about 26,000,000. Asia, Africa, Australia, Brazil, with South America, Mexico, Central America and Canada, together produce only 26,000,000 pounds, but import 48,000,000 beside. Consequently, the total quantity of paper manufactured by the European process is 2,280,000,000 pounds, which is used by only 364,000,000 of souls of a total population of 1,423,000,000. The remaining two-thirds of humanity either use no paper or use paper made in Asiatic fashion. As regards the consumption of paper per head of population, England and the United States are on the same level, each country using twelve pounds for each inhabitant. In Germany the proportion is ten and a half pounds per head, in Switzerland ten, France and Belgium eight, the Netherlands six, Austria five and one-third; in Italy, Portugal and Sweden, respectively, four pounds per head. The total value of the 2,280,000,000 pounds of paper produced may be roughly estimated at from $150,000,000 to $200,000,000. Half of that sum is expended for printing paper.—*London Printing Trade Journal.*

HIS HALE OLD AGE ASCRIBED TO SALT.

Lorenzo A. Pickles, of Newfane, near Rochester, peddles trees throughout Western New York. He is 70 years old, and measures 6 feet 5 inches in height. He has thirteen sisters and eight brothers, and he is the smallest of the entire family. One brother, who lives in Kentucky, is 7 feet 2½ inches in height, and weighs 275 pounds, although he is spare in flesh. The littlest sister is 6 feet 5½ inches tall. The family is scattered, no two living in the same State.

Lorenzo Pickles has the appearance of a man of 40. He never wears a coat, and goes without stockings winter and summer. He has two pupils in each eye. To distinguish objects close by, Mr. Pickles uses powerful magnifying glasses. He can read print and see things at a greater distance, without the aid of glasses, than it is possible for persons with the natural eye to see.

He never tasted liquor of any kind in his life, and never drinks water. Three small cups of tea a day, winter and summer, suffice to quench Mr. Pickles' thirst. He never eats fresh meat. His chief article of diet is salt pork, although he likes salt meats and fish. He eats two table-spoonfuls of salt every day, and prefers salt to sugar in his tea. Pie and cake or sweetmeats of any kind he never tasted. He says he believes his hale and healthy condition is due mainly to the salt he uses. Mr. Pickles is a widower, but he has two daughters. One is 17 years old, the other 12. The oldest is 6 feet and one-half inch tall. The youngest is 5 feet 9 inches, and their father says they are still growing.

MR. GREELEY AND THE POET.

Editors have sometimes to say that most disagreeable of words, when spoken to an aspirant for literary honors, "No." But it often hurts him quite as much to say it, as it does the aspirant to hear it. Mr. Congdon, who was associated with the late Horace Greeley, on the *Tribune*, tells an amusing story of the droll way in which that able editor once declined certain poems.

A woman had sent to the *Tribune* sundry verses, some of which were printed and some of which were not. A mutual friend called upon the editor and hinted that pecuniary remuneration would be acceptable.

"Tell her," said Mr. Greeley, "that we should be willing to pay her something for not sending us any more."

That plainest of plain speeches settled the matter at once, and was, we doubt not, one of the most benevolent of suggestions.

DURING the past forty years the Rhode Island Legislature has framed thirty-eight different dog laws. Here is one body of Legislators that has made an effort to earn its allotted compensation

A GREAT PANTHER HUNT.

Cyrus Dodge, of Sullivan county, N. Y., probably killed more panthers on one single hunt than any other hunter that ever lived. He killed seven in less than one hour. He was hunting one day in the spring of 1818, and when in the neighborhood of Long pond discovered a panther's den. It had two kittens in it, the old panthers being away on a foraging expedition. He took both the young ones and started home with them, placing them inside his hunting shirt. He hadn't gone far before he heard the mother yelling behind him. He knew he was in for a fight, and placed himself in a position to do his best. Pretty soon the panther came tearing along through the woods. When she caught sight of Dodge, she bounded to within thirty feet of him, and crouched for a spring. He shot her, but did not kill her. Her cries were terrible, and Dodge knew that in a short time any other panthers there might be in the vicinity would soon hasten to the scene. She was disabled, and other shot put an end to her. Then Dodge made for the pond, which was a half mile or so away. Cries from all sides told him that he was not yet through with his work. By the time he reached the pond, he could hear panthers leaping through the branches of the trees. A panther will not enter water. Dodge waded out as far as he could and prepared for business. Within gunshot of him, he discovered five large panthers in the trees. He killed one at the first fire. The loud mewing of the kittens under his shirt could evidently be heard by the old panthers, for none of them left the spot at the sound of the gun. They bounded frantically in the branches, and two of them rushed to the water's edge and shrieked and lashed their tails in fury. Dodge shot both of these, and killed the other two, and two more that reinforced them, without leaving his tracks in the pond. The skin of the largest of these panthers is still preserved by the family. Dodge took the kittens home, but, as they grew, they became so savage that they had to be killed.

AN EXCITING RACE.

One of the largest snapping turtles ever found is in Central Park, New York. It is nearly four feet in length, and with a bill that would twist an iron bar. It was originally found in a creek near Buffalo, and was kept for a long time as a pet by an Indian. One day at the tavern the conversation turned on turtles, and a young farmer in the party began to boast of a large mud turtle that he had, and which he was willing to wager would travel faster than any turtle in the State. The Indian, after a long harangue, accepted the challenge, and it was decided that the two turtles should be matched a 150-foot race, stakes to be a gallon of apple jack and the turtles. The next day a crowd gathered near the river to see the race, and the contestants soon appeared, the Indian wheeling his favorite in a wheelbarrow. A cord was run along the edge of the stream, and the turtle whose head first passed it was to be the winner. The turtles were placed side by side 150 feet from the water. At the word they started, encouraged or frightened by the yells of their owners. For the first fifty feet the little one kept ahead, and then the big snapper, in response to a blow on its back, spurted ahead, scratching gravel in a way that made mud-turtle stock go down with a rush; but it was either over or under trained, so that as they neared the line it was two lengths behind, while the little fellow had scented mud ahead, and with its head high in the air was improving the pace in compound proportion as the distance diminished. A few seconds more and it was within two feet of the line, the exultant owner cheering and the crowd yelling, while the large snapper was nearly three feet behind. The mud turtle was clearly the victor, when the Indian, thoroughly disgusted, seized a burning knot from a pile of brush and hurled it at the snapper, striking it fairly on the tail. Starting ahead in terror, it thrust out its long, snake-like neck just over the line, three inches ahead of the little one, winning the race, and completely turning the tables and the direction of the flow of apple-jack.

RED AS A ROSE IS SHE.

Several gentlemen were standing on the corner of Galveston avenue, when one of the most fashionable ladies of Galveston passed on the sidewalk.

"Ah!" exclaimed one of the gentlemen, "what a complexion! There is nothing to beat it in Galveston. I am proud of that woman, I am."

"Are you her husband?" asked a stranger.

"No, sir."

"Her father, then?"

"No, sir; I am no relation of her, but I am proud of her complexion. I am the druggist that sold it to her. I made it myself."—*Galveston News.*

NEWSPAPER trains start daily at 5¼ a. m. from four great railway termini in London and deliver the metropolitan papers in all the large cities of England before noon. The circulation of the great dailies has been thereby increased. The *Telegraph* circulates 250,000 copies daily, the *Standard* 180,000, the *Daily News* 170,000, the *Times* 100,000.

The Chicago Ledger.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1881.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The new Czar leads a very simple life. He rises early and takes a long walk, then breakfasts with his family. After dinner he spends a long time in amusing himself with his children.

Mexico has a debt of $65,000,000 which she will soon be able to pay after her rich mines come to be properly worked, and she gets out of them in taxation what she is entitled to.

The deepest coal-pit in England is the Ashton Moss, 3,150 feet. Six weeks ago, just after the ground was first broken, the workers on the mine touched a seam of coal 2,685 feet from the surface.

One of the pleasant things told of Secretary Robert Lincoln, when he was a rosy-cheeked boy, was an act of kindness shown to a private soldier at City Point. A guard on duty had been wounded in one of the early engagements about Petersburg, and had returned to his post while still unsound. One stormy day young Capt. Lincoln watched the poor fellow pacing back and forth until his kind heart could bear it no longer. He borrowed a private's overcoat and went out, insisting on taking the soldier's place as guard. The man yielded, and for an hour the President's son carried the gun and guarded the headquarters tent.

The rigid despotism of Russia compels the taking of an oath of fealty to the Czar that by its terms makes one almost shudder. Every Russian above 12 years of age is required to swear that it is both his duty and his will to obey the Czar and his Crown Prince in all things; that he will not spare his life as long as a drop of blood is left in protecting and defending all the rights and prerogatives belonging to the autocracy, power and authority of the Czar, now or hereafter; that he will keep every secret, and will do all this with the assumption of the fullest responsibility at the day of judgment, and with a renunciation of all divine help in case he proves faithless.

It is said that Senator Mahone, soon after his tilt in the Senate with Hill, of Georgia, called on Representative A. H. Stephens, and the champion light-weights of the two houses felt [illegible] comparing sizes. Mr. Stephens said he turned the scale at ninety-three pounds and never was heavier. Mahone claimed 109 pounds. The latter remarked that Mr. Stephens looked larger than himself, but the other modestly replied that it was all clothes. While the Representative wears his very loose, the Senator wears his as close-fitting as possible. His coat-sleeves are as tight as those of an ultra-fashionable lady of the present day, and his trousers are plaited in at the waist, at the back, while the legs taper down to the ankles, showing a pair of red stockings as the wearer moves.

A curious story comes from Middletown, N. Y. A Miss Cole, a maiden lady of that place, some 12 years ago swallowed a set of false teeth, which had become loosened from the rubber plate. She was, of course, greatly concerned, but, as she felt no serious effects, the alarm wore off, and the event had, in the years, been almost forgotten. A few days ago the lady felt a sharp pain near her left shoulder, and, upon examining the spot, found what appeared like a wen under the skin. With the aid of a penknife she extracted a hard substance, which proved to be a tooth. During the past few days the lady has been cutting teeth all over her body, and had, at last accounts, recovered twelve of the fourteen teeth that had formerly constituted her full set. She is anxiously awaiting the arrival of the other two.

A fashionable dressmaker tells the Cincinnati *Enquirer* that the chief trouble with women's forms is their irregularity. "The number whose two sides do not correspond is wonderful. Sometimes one shoulder is higher than the other, sometimes one hip is bigger, and sometimes the whole figure is awry. Women's dress, in this era of clinging garments, reveals every imperfection, unless art comes to nature's help." Pads are often sufficient to produce symmetry, according to this expert, but stooping is something that the dressmaker's art cannot remedy. "It is a common defect in American girls," she says. "Round backs are distressingly numerous, and what can we do for them? Nothing at all. I feel sometimes like putting them asoak, and then strapping them flat on a board, papoose fashion, in the hope of straightening them. Parents ought to look sharp after their little girls in this particular, and put braces on them if necessary."

A most sensational and remarkable escape of a convict took place recently at the South Carolina penitentiary. Kincher Ginn and another convict were sick in the cell, and the other convict died. Preparations were made to bury him, and his coffin was brought in. The body, after being neatly shrouded, was placed in the coffin, and the undertaker went to get dinner, leaving Ginn, the sick convict, in the same cell. As soon as the door had been locked Ginn got out of bed, took the dead man out of the coffin, and placed him in the bed, carefully covering him, and then got into the coffin himself. In an hour after the burial party, composed of negroes, came in, and, after placing the coffin in a wagon, drove off to the potter's field. Before they reached the place Ginn began rolling about the coffin and making mysterious noises, which so frightened the negroes that they rushed away, whereupon the fellow lifted the coffin-lid and made his escape.

Mr. Secretary Hunt showed himself determined to enforce discipline, whomsoever might be hurt thereby, quite early in his career as Secretary of the Navy. He has a son in the navy, Ridgeley Hunt, named for his mother's father, Commodore Ridgeley. The young man has been on a three years' cruise on the Alaska in Asiatic waters. The ship reached San Francisco on her homeward voyage about the time Judge Hunt was made Secretary of the Navy, and his son, hearing of his father's appointment, jumped to the conclusion that he would be so specially favored, telegraphed for permission to come to Washington by rail direct instead of going with his ship, which was ordered to Panama, where the officers were to be changed, and coming home by sea on the ship which takes the officers who are to relieve them. Young Hunt was considerably surprised, probably, when his father, the Secretary of the Navy, instead of granting his request, telegraphed him briefly to stick by his ship and go where it was ordered until relieved with the other officers.

The Bible is likely to receive before long an amount of attention and a kind of attention which will be without parallel in our religious history. The revised version of the New Testament is soon to be issued in England, and it seems that numerous publishers in this country are making arrangements to procure early copies of the book, and to fill the markets with reprints within a few days of its receipt. It will be printed in the cheap libraries, as they are called, and in other forms, so that it can be brought within reach of everybody. These publishers anticipate that the most popular, the most fashionable book of the season, will be this revised New Testament. Probably they do not exaggerate the interest and curiosity with which it is awaited by all sorts of people. The demand for it is likely to be much greater than for the most thrilling novel, and its sale may exceed that of any book within our time. It will be on every news stand and in every bookseller's shop, and thousands of men who have left their old Bibles to gather dust for many years will read anew the gospels in their revised form.

A curious case of adventure is reported from Brunswick, Me. A school teacher from that town was visiting the sea shore last fall, and went out fishing alone. A storm came up and blew his boat far out to sea, tore off the masts and sails, and left him, helpless, out of sight of land. He finally became unconscious from hunger and thirst, and, while in that condition, was picked up by a vessel. An attack of brain fever followed, which resulted in aberration of mind. The master of the vessel searched his clothing and discovered that the name of his patient was Stanwood, and his residence Brunswick. He only knew of one place by that name, which is a seaport in Georgia. Hailing a vessel bound that way, he put his patient aboard. Mr. Stanwood came to his senses to find himself in the almshouse at Brunswick, Ga., where he had been kept as an insane vagrant for several weeks. He immediately communicated with his friends in Brunswick, Me., and by this time it undoubtedly with them. If there isn't material here for a first-class novel, then the imagination can supply it.

A Washington correspondent says: Mr. W. C. Renfew, of Russellville, Ark., the proprietor of the Indian stone baby, has been stopping for the past week in this city, having brought his baby with him, with which to puzzle the scientists of Washington. This stone baby was dug up by some laboring men near Eureka Springs in October, 1880. It was four feet below the surface of the ground, and when discovered was wrapped in a composition of blue clay, calcareous marl and free lime, a portion of which has not been removed from the image. It is twenty-six inches in length and weighs eighty-five pounds. The body is of very hard blue limestone, and is so nicely cut as not to show marks of the instruments used. The learned men of the Smithsonian have examined it and are puzzled, never having seen anything like it before. Mr. Renfew left to-day for Philadelphia to lay it before the Academy of Science there. It appears to have been made by a people higher in the scale of civilization than the North American Indian.

THE FARMER FEEDETH ALL.

My lord rides through his palace gate,
My lady sweeps along in state,
The sage thinks long on many a thing,
And the maiden muses on marrying;
The minstrel harpeth merrily,
The sailor plows the foaming sea,
The huntsman kills the good red deer,
And the soldier wars without a fear;
But fall to each whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

Smith hammereth cheerily the sword,
Priest preacheth pure and holy word,
Dame Alice worketh broidery well,
Clerk Richard tales of love can tell,
The tap-wife sells her foaming beer,
Dan Fisher fishes in the mere,
And courtiers ruffle, strut and shine,
While pages bring the Gascon wine;
But fall to each whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

Man builds his castles fair and high,
Whatever river runneth by,
Great cities rise in every land,
Great churches show the builder's hand,
Great arches, monuments and towers,
Fair palaces and pleasing bowers,
Great work is done, be't here and there,
And well man worketh everywhere;
But work or rest, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

—*Charles G. Leland.*

A BRAVE ACT.

Among the many frontier army posts is one known as Camp McDermitt, in Nevada, located upon the stage-road from Winnemucca to Boise City, and distant some eighty miles from the line of the Central Pacific railroad.

It is near the mouth of a little ravine in the very heart of the Winnemucca hunting-grounds, and the Indians of that tribe, governed by a chieftain of the same name, made their headquarters at the time of this occurrence within a mile of camp upon a small stream.

Peace reigned, and the red men, with their squaws and papooses, were accustomed to make tri-weekly visits to the camp for the purpose of receiving from the quartermaster the rations allowed them by Uncle Sam, of bread and meat.

The usual force at the post was about sixty men, and, in 1869, a single company of cavalry, commanded by one Capt. Wagner, was in occupation of McDermitt. The other officers of the company were Lieut. N——, a young man, and the surgeon.

Winnemucca, Chief of the Indians, was the father of a daughter who possessed wonderful beauty and a fine mind. Desiring to fit her for a position in civilized, rather than savage life, the sachem had sent her to San Francisco, where she had received a thorough education.

Returning to her father, he had obtained for her, through the assistance of his many friends among the whites, the position of interpretress at McDermitt.

In 1869, she was stationed at the post in quarters of her own, a well-dressed handsome woman of about 22 years of age, receiving a monthly salary of $40 in gold.

With all the arts of her wily nature the girl sought to win the affections of the only bachelor officer in camp, whom we will call Lieut. Nemo, and within two months the young fellow openly avowed his intention of making Sarah Winnemucca his wife.

His Captain, as became him, argued against this strange mesalliance, but, finding Nemo thoroughly in earnest, and waiting only for some passing minister to tie the nuptial knot, he dropped the matter, and would have given it no further thought had not his attention been shortly thereafter called to it in a new and startling way.

While the lovers yet awaited the coming of a minister, the wife of the sutler, whose store was just without the limits of camp, informed Capt. Wagner that she had discovered a plot among the Winnemuccas to murder the garrison, sack the post, announce Sarah Winnemucca as their Queen, and begin a war of extermination against the whites throughout all the plain country—and Lieut. Nemo, carried away by his infatuation for the Indian girl, had agreed to join the savages.

So monstrous was the story that at first the Captain refused to believe it, but in hurried, frightened whispers the sutler's wife told him that she had overheard the plan discussed by the Lieutenant with some warriors beneath the store-window the evening before, and at last the officer was forced to admit that the danger actually existed.

"When will this plan be put into execution?" asked Wagner.

"To-night, at moonrise!" returned the other. "I dared not go to your quarters, sir, to tell you of it, but had to wait until you came here. The Lieutenant is on duty, you know. He will call in the sentinel, house the guard, spike the howitzer, and then the Indians will come!"

To-night!—and it was already dusk!

The commander's voice was steady as he remarked, "Very well. We will be ready for them. Show no signs of fear, but keep within doors after dark, and be ready to fly, if necessary. Speak to no one of what you have told me."

Then, unconcernedly smoking, he left the store and proceeded toward camp.

Supper was over, and some of the men were lounging about the parade-ground as the Captain entered.

Quietly calling a trusty corporal to his side, he said:

"After guard is placed, and just before moonrise, which is at 11, take four men, with their arms, and go to the stables. Close the doors and remain until morning. Open to no one but myself. Do not communicate your duty to any except those whom you take with you."

The man touched his hat and moved away. This was to prevent the false Lieutenant from stealing the horses, should he choose to attempt it, instead of capturing them. Then the Captain passed on to his own quarters.

The hours fled—9, 10, 11. In fifteen minutes the moon would rise.

The sutler's wife was right. The sentinel was "off duty," and the guard all within doors. Not a living creature was to be seen, and the cold starlight fell upon as solitary a group of adobe buildings as if the post had been deserted for years.

Suddenly, however, a single figure appeared. In full uniform, with sword and pistol-holster at his waist, Capt. Wagner emerged from his door, and, silently crossing the parade-ground, turned with rapid tread down the stage-road toward the Winnemucca camp.

The distance was short, and, just as the first rays of the rising moon tinged with spectral white the dark carpet of sage-brush that covered all the plain, the officer found himself upon a slight eminence overlooking the teepee huts of the Indians.

This was the sight which met his eyes. Around a council-fire were gathered the chieftain and warriors of the tribe, all arrayed in war-paint, and fully armed, and in the midst, upon a pile of blankets, stood Lieut. Nemo, his sword drawn, his arms outstretched, his head bare, evidently engaged in the delivery of a stirring address to the savages about him!

Wagner's heart leaped within him. Drawing his own sword, he hastened forward, quickly passed the line of squaws without the circle, and, before the Indians had the slightest thought of his presence, burst through their ranks, and appeared alone in their very midst!

So great was the astonishment of the braves that no one moved or spoke, and old Winnemucca, even, bowed in token of fealty to the army blue of the officer.

The Captain, however, did not notice him, but, advancing until directly in front of the dazed Nemo, he cried in ringing tones. "Sir, I demand your sword!"

As if in a strange dream, the Lieutenant slowly extended his weapon toward his officer. The latter took it from his hand, and, breaking it, threw the pieces upon the ground.

"You are under arrest! March before me to camp!" he said; then, turning quickly toward the astounded Indians, in threatening voice he continued:

"The man who moves dies! Beware of the carbines in the sage-brush behind you! Winnemucca, treacherous chief! I command you to appear before me to-morrow!"

With these words, driving Nemo before him, the brave Captain retired from the circle, and disappeared along the road toward camp, while, after a little, the savages, thoroughly frightened, crept quietly to their huts, regarding with suspicious glance the shadows of the sage about them, the council-fire was extinguished, and night and silence again reigned.

The revolt was at an end, and scores of lives saved by the quick wit and wonderful nerve of a single man.

Sarah Winnemucca afterward married Nemo, who was simply dismissed the service as crazy. The old chief and certain of his warriors were sent to the Presidio dungeons at San Francisco for a time.

The uprising at McDermitt soon became mere matter of army rumor; but, had the officer in command proven less able to cope with the dangers of the hour, that rumor would have been history written in letters of blood, even as the history of the terrible Modoc war, or Custer's fateful campaign.—*Youth's Companion.*

WAR MATERIAL IN THE BRAIN.

The death of a soldier who had carried a bullet in his brain for sixty-five years was reported recently. The wound was received at the battle of Waterloo. The bullet entered at the right eye, destroying it, of course, and, traversing the brain, lodged in the back of the head. After the outer wound was closed he suffered no special inconvenience from the presence of the bullet, although always, when turning himself in bed, he could feel that the ball dropped into a different position. He was unusually healthy and he died of old age.

Another remarkable coincidence is cited. A young military officer was carelessly manipulating a musket, when the barrel burst in his hand. The pieces fractured his skull so frightfully that fragments of the skull had to be removed, and even a part of the begrimed brain substance was amputated, but the terrible wound soon ceased to trouble him, and he lived for several years. Dying at last of a fever, an examination of the brain was made, and it was discovered that almost the entire lock of the gun had been imbedded for years in the base of the skull. It is said that no impairment whatever of the mental faculties had been observed.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

What the Carrying of a Bouquet to the Wrong House Effected.

[From the New York Tribune.]

It was not long ago that a gentleman said to me—he was in wine—"Johnny, I will take your best bouquet—that big one on a tray, fit to be the bridal bed of Eve—if you will carry it to this address."

"All right, boss," was my response, as I took his $10 bill, and observed a rather devilish light in his eye, while he wrote a name on a card. It was a beam of the light that shone in the eye of Cain as the discriminating flame of heaven shot past his offering and blazed on Abel's altar. However, I wasn't particular about what was going on in his mind, and he slipped the card in the bouquet, and I started off to deliver it. Stopping close by to change my note and eat a bit of lunch, a good many people gathered near the great prize bouquet and began to talk about it, and so, whether some jealous rival stole that card, or whether I had dropped it on the street, the card was missing when I took up the great salver of flowers again.

I hastened back to the place where I had met the gentleman. He had gone away in a carriage. I told my trouble to the hotel clerk, and he said, "Pshaw! take it to his wife. He is no sporting man."

Now, that gentleman I knew, by an accident of passing his house, and had often admired the inflexible, the solitary, the lofty and self-reliant quality in him. He was kind to his inferiors, manly to his equals, haughty to his superiors. About once or twice a year he showed liquor in his eyes, as if Cain had bred on Abel's stock, and a little liquor brought out the consanguinity. I said to myself: "These flowers will wither for which I have been paid. I believe he meant to send them to his wife, and I will take them."

I rang the door-bell of his house and asked for the lady. Shown into the parlor I saw my buyer's picture over the mantel. The house was not expensively furnished, but looked like the abode of perseverance in some moderately-compensating profession, and slow but gaining conquest on half fortune. A lady entered the parlor and beheld the flowers. She turned to me and said:

"Who are these for?"

"For you, madam."

"For me?" Her face flushed. "Who has dared to send flowers to me?"

I saw I was in for it somewhere, and there was no safety but in consistent lying. "Your husband sent them, Mrs. ——." I had heard his name and felt that this was his wife.

"My husband!" Her voice faltered. "How came he to send me flowers? Have you not made a mistake?"

"No, madam. He has never bought flowers from me before. He is not a customer of gallantry. There is no mistake about it."

She seemed all fluttered, like a widow told that her husband has returned to life. Looking now at the flowers, again at his portrait, her eyes dilated, her temples flushed. She walked to me like a woman of authority and under some high mental excitement. Looking into my eyes she said:

"What did my husband say?"

"He said, madam, 'I have not made a present to my dear wife for years. Business and care have arisen between us. Take her these flowers, that their blossoms may dispel the winter from our hearts and make us young again.'"

She turned to the bouquet and rained her tears upon it. An orange-bud she took, all blinded so, and hid it in her bosom. She sank upon her knees, and laid her head among the flowers to let their coolness refresh her parched, neglected heart, and sobbed the joy of love and confidence again. I stole away like a citizen of the world.

As I went up the street and stopped at the same hotel, the husband was there. "Johnny," said he, "did you deliver the bouquet?"

"Yes, I took it to your wife."

"To my wife?"

"Yes, boss, you are too good a man to wander as you wished to go. Go home. The ice is broken. Your wife is full of gratitude. Saved by a mistake, embrace the blessed opening made for both of you; plant those rich blossoms on the grave of estrangement, and, in the words of the great good book, 'cling to the wife of thy youth.'"

He staggered a moment, looked as if he ought to knock me down, and rushed from the place.

Next day I met her upon his arm.

"Johnny," he said, "bring her as big a bouquet every week, and save one scarlet rose for me!"

OPINIONLESS PEOPLE.

The opinionless man is anxious to agree with you and everybody else in everything; therefore he is an insincere friend. He declares that you are a saint to the man who believes you to be so, and, with just as much emphasis, asserts that you are a villain to the next man, to whom possibly you may have sold a horse who did not turn out as well as might have been expected, considering the price paid for him. These opinionless people are the pests of society; and when, beside being opinionless, they have an uncommon fluidity of speech, and talk all the time, one can be far happier in the neighborhood of a hornet's nest than in their society. Really malicious men and women do not make as much mischief as they.

A GHOSTLY SOLUTION.

Where now the new county road crosses Crooked river there was aforetime a ford-way, and just above the spot—not more than twenty yards distant—is the junction of Crab Valley brook with the river. This brook takes its rise only a few miles away, amid a wild of forest and crag, and in cases of sudden and severe storm it becomes swollen and turbulent long before the river has perceptibly risen.

One day a gentleman had occasion to ford the stream toward nightfall, when there had been one of these sudden squalls in the adjacent mountains. He managed to get across safely, though there were moments when his horse was forced to stop and brace himself, and gather strength. Having reached the opposite bank he found one of Uncle Tim Shute's boys at hand, engaged in fishing—a big, tow-headed, carroty-faced hero of 10 to 12 years, clad in the remnants of a suit of homespun that must once have belonged to his daddy.

"Hallo, boy!" the traveler hailed, as he reined in his panting steed, "is this the shallowest place of your river?"

"Is it—a—the what, sir?"

"The shallowest."

"Wot's that?"

"Why—the shoalest—the place where there's the least water."

"Oh—ah—yas—I reckon 'tis."

"Well—I should call it a dangerous place. Are not people lost here sometimes?"

"No, sir."

"What—never? How long have you lived here?"

"I's allers lived here."

"And you never knew anybody to be lost in fording this river?"

"No, sir."

"Well—that is strange. I declare—I came very near to being swept away two or three times."

"Yaas—I don't wonder. I've know'd lots of 'em to be swept off an' drownded!"

"What! Did you not tell me just now, that you had never known a case of that kind?"

"No! I didn't tell yer nothin' o' the kind. I said ther' wa'n't nobody ever lost!—'cause, d'ye see, right daown there, whar the river crooks araound that 'ar great rock, they allers gits washed ashore and we finds 'em!"—*New York Ledger.*

AN EXTENSIVE VIEW.

Scotchmen are not famous for wit; but if they put any humor into a strong statement they always know how to substantiate their words. One whom a Yankee thought to astonish by telling him of mountains in America so high that Europe could be seen from the top of them, replied, dryly: "We can see fur'er nor that in Scotland. From the top of Ben-ledi I can spy the moon."

The story of the West of Scotland shepherd who told an English tourist that he would see six kingdoms from the summit of the hill they were ascending, is instructive as well as amusing. "What the mischief do you mean, shepherd?" demanded the skeptical Southron. "Weel, sir, I mean what I say;" and then he pointed out in succession Cumberland in England; the Isle of Man, once a kingdom and a sovereignty in the families of Derby and Athole; the coast of Ireland, and the ground on which they were standing, part of Scotland.

"Yes," said the visitor, "that makes four, and you have two more to show me."

"That's true, sir, but don't be in sic a hurry. Weel, sir, just look up aboon yer heid, and this is by far the best of a' the kingdoms; that, sir, aboon, is heeven. That's five; and the saxth kingdom is that doon below yer feet, to which, sir, I hope you'll never gang."

A HOMELESS WANDERER.

A few nights ago a Galveston lawyer heard somebody calling "Police!" in the street in front of his office. He rushed down into the street and found a man sitting on the doorstep calling for the police.

"What's the matter? Anybody hurt?"

"I am drunk and want a policeman to take me home. Police!"

"Can't you go home yourself?"

"No; I want a policeman to take me home in a hand-cart. I'm drunk. Police!"

"Where is your home?"

"In Chicago. Police!"

The police came at last and took him along three blocks nearer Chicago than he was at first.—*Galveston News.*

A THOROUGHLY-AMERICAN STORY.

Uncle Lute, the poet, has turned his attention to novel writing. Advance notices are out that the Petersons, Philadelphia, will soon issue a large duodecimo volume, entitled "Paul Start; or, the Love of His Life," by the above author. It is said to be strong in plot and interesting in narrative. It is without sensational exaggeration, yet full of incidents and well-sustained interest and originality.

Some one says all things seem easy to the man who has never tried to do anything.

MAN'S MORTALITY.

Like as the damask rose you see,
Or like a blossom on a tree,
Or like a dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonah had—
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and out, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, the man—he dies.
Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's now begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew in May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan—
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or like the shuttle in weaver's hand,
Or like the writing in the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream—
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The bubble's out, the look forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The waters glide, man's life is done.

Like to an arrow from the bow,
Or like the swift course of water flow,
Or like the tide 'twixt flood and ebb,
Or like the spider's tender web,
Or like a race, or like a goal,
Or like the dealing of a dole—
Even such is man, whose brittle state
Is always subject unto fate.
The arrow shot, the flood soon spent,
The time no stay, the web soon rent,
The race soon run, the goal soon won,
The dole soon dealt, man's life soon done.

Like to the lightning from the sky,
Or like a post that quick doth hie,
Or like a quarter in a song,
Or like a journey three days long,
Or like a snow when summer's come,
Or like the pear or like the plum,
Even such is man, who heaps up sorrow,
Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow.
The lightning's past, the post must go,
The song is short, the journey so,
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
The snow dissolves, and so must all.

A PYRAMID OF CABBAGES.

"Why, where are you going, Isabel Eastman? Not into the farm-yard, surely?"

"Miss Lottie Mayell, I am going into the farm-yard, surely," replied Isabel; with a mischievous light in her gay eyes, and a charming smile on her prettily curved lips, as she opened the gate leading to that place. "Nowhere else can we be confidential without running the risk of being overheard. The farmer's family are in the orchard; Charley and a half-dozen of his playmates are playing in the flower-garden; there's a young couple in the parlor at the piano, he making love, and she not making music, and a still younger couple whispering and giggling in the bay-window; auntie in my room enjoying 'Splendid Misery;' and grandma is in auntie's room darning stockings. And so, if you really want to hear 'right away' why I am here instead of at one of my usual summer haunts, you must e'en follow me to the farm-yard. Besides which"—speaking with increased animation—"I have lately, strange as it may seem to you, developed quite a passion for farm-yards."

"It doesn't seem at all strange to me, my dear, for during our ten years' friendship you've always been developing some odd passion or other. But I've never lost faith in you. Lead on; I'll follow."

And, stepping daintily and gracefully, unimpeded by trains or demi-trains, the young girls threaded their way through the crowd of hens and chickens holding a loud and lively conversation preparatory to going to roost; past the cows waiting to be milked, and turning their heads to look after the intruders with great solemn brown eyes; and old Lowhead, the white horse, slacking his thirst at the water-trough—to the extreme end of the yard, where a pile of cabbages, neatly arranged in the form of a pyramid, confronted them.

"Behold," said Isabel, stopping before it, "how nature lends herself to art! (That sounds well, though I don't know as it means anything). This mighty structure, formed of the green and succulent cabbage, is, no doubt, the work of some humble field-laborer, who, having heard of the pyramids of Egypt—incited thereto, no doubt, by the newspaper paragraphs about our own dear obelisk—has sought to vary the monotony of cabbage life by building as close an imitation as his material would allow. Let us hope that this flight of imagination may lead to a higher one, and that the cabbage man, like the butter woman, may meet with public recognition, and at last be crowned with a wreath of laurels. Often from the humblest sources spring great works of genius. Burns—Lottie" (breaking off suddenly and assuming a reproachful tone), "why do you break in upon my eloquence with rude and unseemly laughter? I was about to repeat to you Longfellow's last poem; now I won't. See what your frivolity has lost you! And take a seat on the extreme base of the pyramid—I prefer the mound of sods in this secluded corner, sacred to somebody's rake and hoe—while I go back to the commonplace."

"Thank you, Bell, dear, I'll share the sods with you, if you please. I have an idea that a cabbage would prove a very uncomfortable seat under any circumstances. And do go back to the commonplace, that's a darling, for I'm dying to know what has happened since we parted an age ago."

"An age ago. One year and a half exactly. I was then engaged to Claude Wenner. Pretty name, isn't it? And he was a pretty little fellow, with nice curly hair and lovely blue eyes, with lashes long enough for a bang, small dimpled hands, and not an idea in his little round head. My mother—with all due deference I say it—and his mother—to whom I accord much less deference—made the match when I was but 18, and I unmade it at 20. I never loved Claude. How could I? And he never loved me. How could he? We were the victims of circumstances and match-making mammas, and two mortals more unlike it would be hard to find. He was the most conventional of men, and would have nearly died if at any one of those dreamy dinner parties, in which his soul delighted, somebody had whispered to him that his back hair wasn't parted straight, while I have often been strongly tempted to shock the full-dressed guests, at the very start, by asking for some more soup.

"Well, last June, at Newport, my diminutive friend, Eda Smythe, with a head the exact counterpart of Claude's appeared upon the scene, and she and my betrothed fell in love with each other at first sight. Mamma fretted and fumed, and scolded, and asked me, with tragic emphasis, how I could look calmly on and see so many thousands of dollars being lost to the family, for she was sure that artful minx would persuade poor dear Claude to elope or something; but I continued to look calmly on, until one evening Claude, with a deep sigh, kissed Eda's hand as he bade her good-night, when I turned suddenly upon them, and bade them follow me to my room. There I forgave—quite as the manner of a stage parent—the infatuated midgets at their base duplicity, gave them my blessing, kissed them both; and as soon as they, beaming with joy, had departed, I, also, beaming with joy, and not quite in the manner of a stage parent, except, perhaps, a Pinafore one, executed a pirouette—in honor of my newly acquired freedom. Mamma was awfully angry, but they are awfully happy, and they've named the baby after me. My chains (they were never very heavy I must confess) broken beyond repair, I flirted more than ever, all the time growing as weary as could be of hearing the same replies, and doing this thing in the morning and that thing in the afternoon, and the other in the evening, and at last I fled from the old familiar throng precipitately one rainy day, leaving my maid to pack my wardrobe and follow. And I determined that this summer I would try pastures entirely new. Auntie had often told me of the pleasant, old-fashioned farm-house which she had discovered years ago, and I coaxed mamma—promising to take Charley, our youngest, who is the 'worrit' of her life, with me—and to spend three of my four out-of-the-city months here. And, Lottie, I have never been as happy before, and I am firmly convinced that here I have found the kind of life that would suit me best. I was born to love cows and chickens, to make butter, to build pyramids of cabbages."

"You!" laughed her friend. "I think I see you in the dairy, in a neat cambric dress, with sleeves rolled up to the elbows, stamping the pats of butter with your monogram, for that's as near as you'd ever come to churning; and in the hennery, scattering corn to the chickens from a dainty white apron, a curiously-shaped rustic hat meanwhile shading your rose-and-cream complexion from the sun. You born to love cows and chickens! you, who have reigned a city belle for four long years!"

"And for three been most ready to abdicate. By the by"—with assumed carelessness—"have you seen the young farmer, the only child of our host and hostess?"

"Certainly not," and Miss Mayell glances at her watch, "I only arrived two hours ago, and have seen no one but you and your aunt. But I can see him in my mind's eye—tall, ungainly, and speaks through his nose, eats with his knife, says 'How?' and stares at you as though you were a being from another sphere."

"Your mind's eye needs an eyeglass, Miss Mayell. Its vision is weak. Tall, broad-shouldered and gainly, if I may use the word as I mean it. I saw him tossing hay to-day, and he looked like an Apollo who had exchanged his lyre for a pitchfork and profited by the change.

"And his table manners are as exquisite as your own, Miss Mayell, and he has a deep, full voice and does not say 'How?' and has scarcely looked, let alone 'stared' at me. I have an idea that he regards girls of our ilk with quiet scorn, and thinks of us all as hot-house flowers not to be compared with the daisies growing wild in the meadows."

"How long have you been here, Isabel?"

"Six weeks."

"Quite long enough, I think. You'd better go away. You're regarding this young farmer, who never looks at you—I don't believe that, however—too sentimentally. You might come to believe he has fallen in love with me."

"He is so different from the soft-voiced, perfumed darlings by whom I have been surrounded all my life that, to use your own words, with a different application, I stare at him as though he were a being from another sphere. The young farmer reads, Lottie, and reads books which, though printed in our native language, would be Greek to you and me; and he numbers the poets among his friends. I peeped into his room one day, and saw them all, in blue and gold, on his bookshelf. He is an honest, manly fellow, with no false pride about him. I was idiot enough to fancy that he might be the least bit confused when I first saw him at work in his red shirt, and coarse, very broad-brimmed straw hat, but he saluted me as calmly as though he had been arrayed in the finest garments. And his name is Nathaniel—not as pretty as Claude, but it means 'the gift of God.' The gift of God, indeed, his old mother says he has been to her, and so will he be to the woman he marries. And that woman must be a bee, not a butterfly. Lottie," with sudden fierceness, "if ever you tell I'll kill you."

"My dear, when I do, you may. Isabel, I begin to suspect that you are really in love with Nathaniel—another of your odd passions—and that beneath your butterfly wings lurks the spirit of the bee. And I may live to see you helping the pitchfork Apollo toss the hay, building obelisks and pyramids of cabbages, copy celebrated sculptures in beets, and heap turnips in imitation of classic old ruins."

"I fear me not, Miss Mayell. For though I would be proud to share with each and every one of those occupations, as soon would I expect that compact mass of greens to suddenly tremble to its base and then topple over, separating one huge body into 100 or more heads, as dream that Nathaniel Leigh would ever care for me."

The pyramid trembled to its base, and its apex tumbled to the ground. The girls rose quickly from their throne of sods and with little shrieks fled to a safe distance, then turned to look again. It toppled over, its many heads rolling in every direction, and in the place it had occupied stood the young farmer,

"I bless your brother for building a pyramid to-day, Miss Eastman," he said, "though he did unload one of the market wagons all ready for market for the purpose. And I bless the happy chance that kept me from the orchard, and sent me here to fall asleep behind, to waken at the sound of your voice. Spell-bound, I remained concealed, half believing that I was still dreaming, to prove the falsity of the old proverb, 'Listeners never hear any good of themselves.' But can I—dare I hope that grains of earnestness mingled with your jest, and that the pats of butter in our dairy may some day be stamped with your monogram? Stand my friend, Miss Mayell, and you shall not be forgotten when we make the beet statues and the turnip ruins."

"Well, 'pon my word!" exclaimed Miss Mayell, with a frank glance of admiration at the handsome young fellow, and a smile that threatened to become a laugh in another minute.

"And of all things!" said Miss Eastman, a lovely blush mantling her face; and then youth and fun conquered all three, and they laughed until the farmyard resounded, and Lion, the watch-dog, came bounding toward them, asking with loud bow-wows what was the matter.

A few weeks after Miss Isabel Eastman became Mrs. Nathaniel Leigh, her husband, lying at her feet in the orchard, and looking up into her face with adoring eyes, said: "I never would have gained courage to have told you of my love, though I loved you from the very first, had I not heard from your own sweet lips that you cared a little for me. What good spirit, my blessed, sent you of all places to the farmyard that afternoon?"

"It was an imp sent me there," she answered, demurely. "Mother's youngest, who whispered to me, as I left the house with Lottie, 'There's something awful jolly way back in the farmyard—a pyramid of cabbage, and Nat Leigh fast asleep behind it.'"—*Harper's Weekly.*

Growth of Great Fortunes.

It was stated not long ago, in the newspapers, that the already enormous estate of one speculator in stocks in New York was further increased last year by the sum of $30,000,000. Several other great New York estates were swelled by speculation in a degree only less colossal.

Such figures are calculated to stir and dazzle ambitious young men, to whom the possession of a great fortune often appears to be the greatest height of earthly happiness. That money, in such vast amounts, should be so apparently easily and rapidly made, stimulates the young mind to seek similar methods of enriching themselves.

The increased fortunes which have been mentioned were made, for the most part, by pure speculation. The men whose pockets were thus glutted did not thus add to their millions by hard and useful labor, productive and of added value to the community at large. Nor did they receive this increase by the natural and normal income of their already vast properties.

The sums thus piled up came from wholesale dealing in stocks; by influencing the money market—pressing one stock down and another up—not for the financial good of their city or country, but for their own personal profit.

This is really little or no better than pure gambling—in one aspect, indeed, it is worse, since the operators already held, in great sums of money, winning cards in their hands against their blind opponents and victims.

It is not thus, after all, that the great and enduring fortunes of the world are made and accumulated. Speculation is a wild and dangerous game. It creates a perpetual, restless fever; every day, the largest fortunes involved in it are in peril.

Even the largest speculator may wake, any morning, to find his millions vanished. Such fortunes rest on no secure foundation. An unexpected event may cause a crash, when all seems hopeful and secure. That is, fortunes made by speculation in stocks may, and often do, disappear as rapidly as they are built up.

The solid and lasting fortunes are those which are established gradually, step by step; by serving some useful function in the world; by prudence, economy, and good judgment in making sound investments; by putting by, little by little, each month and each year; nay, by making a resolve never to risk the hard-earned sums in the hazardous practice of gambling in stocks.

If we observe the facts which history teaches us, we find this method of raising lasting fortunes the one confirmed by events. It was by attending to their business, by slow and careful increase, by proving themselves trustworthy and faithful to their clients, and by never, on any account, entering into bubble speculations, that such princes of wealth as the Rothschilds, the Barings, George Peabody, Peter Cooper, George Law, John Jacob Astor, attained their great financial influence and their huge incomes.

All these men were engaged in doing something or selling something for the benefit of mankind. Their good fortune came justly from the confidence with which they inspired those with whom they had relations. Through several generations the two greatest banking firms in the world—the Rothschilds and the Barings—have sustained this reputation for honesty and probity, and their strictly legitimate business thrift. Were it ever known that either engaged in the wild speculations of the stock exchange, there can be no doubt that a large portion of their power, and very likely their fortunes also, would soon be dissipated.

The best way is to acquire money by hard, honest work. It stays longer by those who so obtain it; and its possession is far sweeter when earned by the toil of the brow, than when it is got by the feverish transactions of stock gambling. —*Youth's Companion.*

Millionaires Learning to be Tanners.

Two young Baltimoreans, sons of gentlemen worth a million dollars each, have engaged to work at the De Ford tannery, and will take a thorough course of the trade. They begin at the bottom round of the ladder and will stick until they are masters of the trade. These are examples worthy of emulation by all young young men, and we predict success for them in life in whatever vocation they may choose after first learning this most excellent trade. The girls, too, should be careful and not object at all to the odors of the tanbark, especially when it is so strongly scented with greenbacks.—*Luray (Va.) Courier.*

BITS OF INFORMATION.

The population of Prussia is in the proportion of eleven Protestants to seven Catholics.

The Revolutionary war cost the United States $135,193,703. Great Britain lost 50,000 men, incurred a debt of £100,000,000 or $500,000,000, and lost her American colonies.

The selection of Friday as "hanging day" probably was due to the superstition that Friday is an unlucky day and the fact that the most unlucky thing that can possibly happen to a man is to be hung.

There is a kind of lemon which grows in Southern Europe as sweet as an orange, but all other species of lemons are intensely sour.

The term "Gotham" was first applied to New York city in "Salamagundi" (a humorous work by Washington Irving, William Irving and James K. Paulding), because the inhabitants were such wise-acres.

Under the rulings of the Postoffice Department, "Postmasters are not obliged to accept, in payment of postage stamps or stamped envelopes, wrappers, etc., any currency which may be so mutilated as to be uncurrent, or the genuineness of which cannot be clearly ascertained."

Dew is the condensed moisture of the atmosphere. During the day, under the sun's rays, water is exhaled from all moist and watery places, and is held in the air in the form of vapor. When the sun goes down the air is cooled, and therefore contracted or condensed, and the water is deposited upon cool substances. Drops of water on the outside of a pitcher of cold water in the summer is dew.

Octavo, also written 8vo, is from the Latin octavus, the eighth, and describes a book formed of sheets folded in eight leaves. Duodecimo is similarly derived from duodecimus, the twelfth, and is written 12mo. So we have 4to, quarto, 16mo, sexdecimo, and so forth. The terminal follows the Latin form.

The deepest well in the world is said to be that at Sperenberg, near Berlin, which was excavated in the attempt to obtain a supply of rock-salt. This was reached at a depth of 280 feet from the surface, and the boring was continued to a maximum depth of 4,194 feet, the stratum of salt boring being followed to a depth of 3,907 feet without being pierced through, and the boring then discontinued on account of the mechanical difficulties of the operation.

The following figures will show the extent of the United States as compared with the British possessions in North America:

Country.	Square Miles.
United States	3,602,884
British Possessions—	
Ontario	121,260
Quebec	210,020
Nova Scotia	18,670
New Brunswick	27,037
British Columbia	233,000
Manitoba	16,000
Northwestern and Hudson Bay Territories	2,206,728
Labrador and Arctic Ocean island make a total of	3,500,000

To "cut a dido" is a very common phrase. We never heard of but one derivation of it, and that is somewhat mythical. According to that account, it arose from the conduct of Dido, who was Queen of Tyre about 870 years before Christ. She fled from that place upon the murder of her husband, and, with a colony, settled upon the northern coast of Africa, where she built Carthage. Being in want of land, she bargained with the natives for as much land as she could surround with a bull's hide. Having made the agreement, she cut a bull's hide into fine strings, and, tying them together, claimed as much land as she could surround with the long line she had thus made. The natives allowed the cunning Queen to have her way; but, when anybody played off a sharp trick, they said he had "cut a Dido." You can believe as much of this statement as your judgment will allow.

Brought Him in Alive.

A defeated man is fortunate if he happens to be a witty one too. He can save his credit by his explanation. An exchange tells how a lucky phrase of army language brought a certain "hero" out of a doubtful hunting experience with success:

A party of soldiers "out West," not having much to do, resolved to go bear hunting. They had been out about sixteen hours and had not seen a bear, and, being tired and hungry, returned to camp. On their arrival at headquarters they missed one of their companions, but thought nothing of it, one of them remarking:

"He will return all right."

They made their camp-fire and commenced preparations for supper. They had some coffee over the fire; one of them was slicing some potatoes, another was stewing some meat, and the remainder sat around the fire waiting, when they were all startled by a terrible noise that seemed to come nearer the camp. Suddenly the thickets parted, and in rushed the missing man, his hair standing on end, his face deadly white, his gun gone, and his arms flying in the air, as if grasping for imaginary objects, and about two feet behind him came a great black bear. The pursued soldier turned when he saw the bear drop, and, looking at one of them, said, breathlessly:

"Is he dead?"

One of the men asked:

"Why didn't you shoot him, instead of running?"

"What do you take me for?" replied the missing one. "Do you think I was such a fool as to shoot him, when I could bring him in alive?"

Brain Work and Sleep.

As long as a brain-worker is able to sleep well, to eat well, and to take a fair proportion of out-door exercise, it is not necessary to impose any special limits to the actual number of hours he devotes to his labors. But when what is generally known as worry steps in to complicate matters, when cares connected with family arrangements, or with those numerous personal details which we can seldom escape, intervene, or when the daily occupation of life is in itself a fertile source of anxiety, then we find one or other of these three safeguards broken down. Probably the man of business or the successful lawyer fails to shake himself free from his anxieties at night, and slumber becomes fitful or disturbed. The nervous system, unsettled by the mental strain, brings about various defects in nutrition; the appetite fails, and then we meet with sleeplessness. This is sometimes gotten rid of by drinking water, eating little and taking exercise, or by drinking every day a large quantity of water, and exchanging a highly nutritious regimen for a much lighter dietary. There can be no doubt that in many cases great benefit would be derived from a thorough change of locality or climate. Long sea voyages are not infrequently attended with excellent results, the attacks being absent for months at a time.

Journalism Forty Years Ago.

The first number of the New York *Tribune* made its appearance April 10, 1841. Prior to its appearance Horace Greeley published the following in circular form:

"On Saturday, the 10th of April instant, the subscriber will publish the first number of a New Morning Journal of Politics, Literature, and General Intelligence.

"The *Tribune*, as its name imports, will labor to advance the interests of the People, and to promote their Moral, Social and Political well-being. The immoral and degrading Police Reports, Advertisements, and other matter which have been allowed to disgrace the columns of our leading Penny Paper will be carefully excluded from this, and no exertion spared to render it worthy of the hearty approval of the virtuous and refined, and a welcome visitant at the family fireside.

"Earnestly believing that the political revolution which has called William Henry Harrison to the Chief Magistracy of the Nation was a triumph of Right, Reason, and Public Good over Error and Sinister Ambition, The *Tribune* will give to the New Administration a frank and candid, but manly and independent support, judging it always by its acts, and commending those only so far as they shall seem calculated to subserve the great end of all government—the welfare of the People.

"The *Tribune* will be published every morning on a fair royal sheet (size of *The Log Cabin* and *Evening Signal*) and transmitted to its city subscribers at the low price of one cent per copy. Mail subscribers $4 per annum. It will contain the news by the morning's Southern mail, which is contained in no other Penny Paper. Subscriptions are respectfully solicited by

"Horace Greeley, 30 Ann-st."

The very first number announced the death of Harrison, and was dressed in the usual form of newspaper mourning, the column rules being turned upside down.

There must have been great labor and anxiety attending that first issue in Ann street, when telegraphs were unthought of, railroads few and far between, steamships few and slow (the President had sailed for Liverpool four weeks previous, and has never since been heard from), and when steam printing presses were in their infancy. The changes of forty years have been mighty.

Cold Feet.

Very many persons do not properly care for their feet. They use cotton stockings and thin shoes in winter; sometimes they sit, perhaps for hours, with their feet damp and even wet. It is not infrequent for females to go about their household work half a day at a time with feet inadequately protected, while the cold currents of air cause a temperature forty degrees less near the floor than overhead. Some people become so habituated to cold feet as not to "feel" the chill—the long-continued cold having contracted the blood vessels and destroyed the proper sensibility of the nerves. Not a few persons go to bed in a cold room, with the feet still cold, to have them yet further chilled by a cold bed.

Now, the feet sustain a close nervous relation to the rest of the body. Hence it is that the physician applies heat to the feet to relieve a congested brain. The feet of one whose legs are paralyzed will kick when tickled, though the person is not conscious of the tickling, nor, except by sight, even of the kicking. This indicates, too, why a rusty nail in the foot causes the fearful disease, lockjaw. Good health cannot be enjoyed unless the blood circulates warm and strong through the extremities.

Mothers should see to it that their children's feet are well clad; and should from time to time during the day remove their shoes, to make sure that they are warm. They should further train them to right ideas and habits in this respect.

With all persons the rule in winter should be woolen stockings and thick-soled shoes, and rubbers in wet weather. Extra soles, whether of cork, felt, or even thick pasteboard, may be used to great advantage. Slippers or shoes that can be easily removed should be worn about the house. If the feet are permanently cold from the shrinkage of the blood vessels, this will tend to enlarge them again. In such cases they should be soaked every night, for a time, in quite-warm water.

A Needed Rest.

There is one patent worker who does not expect and is not expected to "take a vacation." The house-mother's needs are forgotten. It has often been pointed out—how to the men comes a change of scene in going out to business; how they get at least an hour or more of fresh air every day, and lubricate the machinery of life by contact with friends and acquaintances; while the women suffer from the very quiet of their home life, not to mention its nerve-wearing anxieties, cares and labors. The wife-mother should be gently forced out of the home ruts. Because she thinks she doesn't want to go is no sign that she does not need to go. A tread-mill is one of the hardest things to get out of gear, and the patient plodding therein at last comes to think that there is no other round for her in the great world. Therefore, husbands, sons and daughters take our admonition, and help mother off. Enter into an amiable conspiracy to convince her that she can go. Persuade her that home is not the best place to travel in, not the best place for some kinds of rest. And don't wait too long, nor mistake resignation for contentment. Minister to her while you have the chance.

A hotel dinner—The fellow that sounds the gong.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Trouble that has been bruin for some time is hard to bear.

To step on a man's corn is a bad sign. Look out for trouble.—*Brooklyn Union Argus.*

Very precocious and forward children are not the salt of the earth. They are too fresh.

The man who picked up a "well-filled pocket-book" was disgusted to find it full of tracts on honesty.

A woman's work is never done, because when she has nothing else to do she has her hair to fix.

The Syracuse *Herald* don't understand how, necessarily, a man may be a hatter who makes his influence felt.

Speech is silver and silence golden. That is where it costs more to make a man hold his tongue than it does to let him talk.

Old subscriber: "What are you growling about? If you want an article that will cover the whole ground, get a Chicago girl's shoe."—*Boston Post.*

Says Henry Ward Beecher: "None of us can take the riches and joys of this life, beyond the grave." Don't wan't to, sir. We'll take ours this side of the grave, if we can get 'em; the sooner the better, sir.

An exchange asks "If kissing is really a sanctimonious method of greeting why do not the pastors who practice it ever bestow their labial attentions upon men?" Because the men are always away, at their business, when the pastor calls, and there is nobody left to kiss only the women.—*Peck's Sun.*

Angry wife (time, 2 a. m.)—"Is that you, Charles?" Jolly husband—"Zash me." Angry wife—"Here have I been standing at the head of the stairs these two hours. Oh, Charles, how can you?" Jolly husband (bracing up)—"Standin' on your head on t'shtairs? Jenny, I'm shprised! How can I! By jove, I can't! Two hours, too! 'Stronary woman!"

A newspaper article asks: "What are the causes of decline among American women?" Well, generally because she thinks the fellow cannot keep her in sealskin sacks, French gowns and fashionable bonnets. When a single man with plenty of "soap" is around there is not any decline among American women to speak of.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

"I've noticed," said Fuddidud, "that the railroads run past all the fences that are painted over with medical advertisements. It's funny," he added, "but it's so. Did any of you ever notice it?" All present acknowledged that it had never occurred to them before—just that way. Fuddidud is more than ever convinced of his profundity.—*Boston Transcript.*

In one of the hotels at Nice is a beautiful American, who lately went to an "at home" in full dress—low-necked, satin, diamonds, etc. On arriving and looking around the room she perceived the other guests to be in demi-toilet. "Well," she said, "if I'd known that it was only a sit around I'd not have put my clothes on."—*London Truth.*

Americans are of a practical nature. When an Illinois farmer who had got rich was visiting Switzerland, they dilated to him of the beauty of the surrounding scenery. "Yes," he replied, "as scenery it's very good. But it strikes me the Lord has wasted a lot of space on scenery that might have been made level and good farming land." They wanted to lynch him.—*Boston Post.*

The Chicago street car conductor may not be very civil but he is a man of imagination. The *Inter-Ocean* tells a story of a member of the guild who, when a woman wearing a dolman waved her arms to stop him, and then, fearing to be run over by a passing wagon, did not move from the sidewalk but continued her gestures, shouted, "Come, madam, quit flapping them wings and get aboard."—*Boston Transcript.*

An Affecting Lie.

An early settler in Chicago relates an incident in which he was an actor:

"As I sat there in the long ago, and, shrouded in the September haze, was dreaming of a fortunate future for myself, I heard the muffled tread of innumerable feet drawing nearer and nearer to me. The sound was like the footfall of a regiment of infantry approaching, and I rose to see what was the cause. I had not long to wait, for very soon there hove in sight a very singular spectacle. First came a large Illinois hog at the head of a long column of Illinois hogs, all marching Indian fashion, and grunting with that gentle, placid grunt which the hog carries with him. On closer examination into the singular phenomena I saw that all the hogs, except the leader, were blind, each animal having his predecessor's tail in his mouth throughout the long line, consisting of thirteen thousand five hundred and twenty-one unfortunate, sightless hogs, cheerfully following their leader to the water. I was never so struck with the wonderful instinct of the brute creation in my life, and my eyes filled with tears when I saw the child-like faith and confidence of each blind animal following with implicit trust the more fortunate guide. Soon, however, a great dazzling three-cornered idea worked its way into my intellect. Dashing away my idle tears I drew my revolver and shot off the leader's tail, leaving the long line of disconcerted and aimless hogs in the middle of a broad prairie with no guide but the dephlogisticated tail of a hog who was three-quarters of a mile away. Then I stole up, and taking the gory tail in my hand I led the trusting phalanx down to the stockyards and sold the outfit at eight cents live weight. This was the start of my dazzling career as a capitalist, a career to which I now point with pride. Thus from a poor boy with one suspender and a poor toe I have risen to be one of our leading business men, known and respected by all, and by industry and economy and borrowing my chewing tobacco I have come to be one of our solid men."

Insects generally must lead a truly jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily. Imagine a palace of ivory or pearl, with a pillar of silver and capitals of gold, all exhaling such a perfume as never rose from human censer. Fancy again the fun of tucking yourselves up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sigh of the summer air, nothing to do when you wake up but wash yourselves in a dew-drop, and fall to and eat your bedclothes.

MONOSYLLABLE POEM.

Think not that strength lies in the big, round word,
Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak.
To whom can this be true, who once has heard
The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak,
When want, or woe, or fear is at the throat,
So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
Pressed from the sore heart, or strange, wild note
Sung by some fay or fiend? There is a strength
Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,
Which has more height than breadth, more depth and length.
Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
And he that will may take the sleek, fat phrase,
Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine;
Light, but not heat—a flash without a blaze.

Nor is it mere strength that the short word boasts
It serves of more than fight or storm to tell—
The roar of waves that dash on rock-bound coasts,
The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell,
The roar of guns, the groans of men that die
On blood-stained fields. It has a voice as well
For them that far-off on their sick beds lie,
For them that weep, for them that mourn the dead,
For them that laugh, and dance, and clasp the hand;
To joy's quick step, as well as grief's low tread.
The sweet, plain words we learnt at first keep time,
And though the theme be sad, or gay, or grand,
With each, with all, these may be made to chime,
In thought, or speech, or song, or prose, or rhyme.

A Ludicrous Elopement.

It's hard for a "country jake" to convey to his Susan Jane the exact situation when first the arrow is lodged in his heart. The attitudes and awkward combinations of personal presentation are painful to an outsider, to say nothing of what *he* suffers. See him cross his legs, first one on top and then the other, and then see him shoot them out in front, and run his hands in his pockets; then he draws in his feet, doubles them under the chair, pulls his hands out of his pockets and drops them down by his side, stretches, yawns, blushes, and almost dies trying to say it. Poor fellow, it is martyrdom while it lasts, and when he does "get his mouth off," it's like putting a beggar on horse back; he just canters off to paradise with a happy-go-lucky indifference that is enviable, barring an obstruction on the track, and then over on his head he tumbles, when cruel parents intervene and refuse to ratify.

A ludicrous case of this sort of agony occurred near the place of my nativity about twenty-five years ago, in which I had my sympathies so roused that I was moved to lend the hero some assistance. His name was Joe, and his girl's, Martha Jane, to whom he had surrendered his entire heart, stock, lock and barrel—without reservation of any kind, which she gushingly reciprocated by adding her entire stock in trade in the partnership proposed. But the old folks demurred—refused to ratify—threatened a war of extermination—banished Joe, and belied Martha Jane, besides several other threatened acts of dire hostility. In fact, Joe and Martha Jane had the biggest spider put in their dumpling ever known since Adam's and Eve's apple scrape. Their hearts all but "busted"—but they didn't.

The parties were neighbors—lived in sight of each other—Joe on the hill and Martha Jane in the bottom. When Martha Jane came forth to nourish her young fowls with a preparation of ground corn and water, she would cast her loving eyes upward and rest them on Joe, who would from above look down affectionately on his Martha Jane, and they would sigh and swallow great hunks of grief as big as apple dumplings.

Joe was so badly off that I was sorry for him, and when he called upon me to assist him, I proceeded at once to the prospective mother-in-law (more or less) with my eloquence, "from whom I proceeded from whence"—not running, but my time was good. I reported progress, and begged to be excused. Joe got worse and worse; threatened to commit—well, to steal something, and did make divers efforts to steal his girl, but the old folks slept on their arms. Joe was getting terribly bad off; he said he *must* have her; that I *must* steal her for him. I tried to prevail on him to bide his time; but, no, have her he must, and I must do the job for him; he knew I could do it if I would, and he wanted it done right off.

When I found Joe couldn't wait, I consented to try my hand. I was about Martha's age, and the thought occurred to me that I would dress in woman's clothes and let Joe steal *me*, and see if it would "sorter" cool his ardor. I confided my plan to some of the boys, and they approved it and promised their assistance. We concluded that we would let the old man, Martha Jane's father, into the secret, and arrange for him to pursue us with his hounds, of which he had about a dozen, when we made the attempt. The old man entered into the affair eagerly, for he despised Joe.

After we had fixed all the preliminaries of time, place and manner of proceeding, we adjourned to meet the next Sunday night and have the chase. We met according to adjournment at the time agreed, and a woman hitched me up in some of her gear, with a parcel of things tied round my waist—I don't know what they all were, but I know the outside was calico, and it was in two pieces; one was the tail, which was tied on first, and the other was a sort of jacket with sleeves to it, of some dark sort of stuff. These, with a white sun-bonnet, and a blue veil, and some cotton stuffed in judiciously to give me a gushing make-up, having been provided as indespensable to my *toilette*, I was ready and willing to be Joe's—for a time.

When we arrived near Martha Jane's house, the old man was waiting for us. We arranged that after we had got about a quarter of a mile off, one of our party, (who remained behind for the purpose) should notify Joe that we had Martha Jane, and when Joe came tearing by the house, the old man was to give him a salute from his old double-barrelled shot-gun. Very soon here came Joe full tilt down the hill towards the creek. Bang went the venerable shot-gun, and away went Joe, and soon came the old man on his sway-back horse, with his hounds and shot-gun, and accompanied by his son.

Mitchellville was the objective point of the expedition, and it was about five miles off. The boys got Joe's arms from him to protect his girl, and prevailed on him to rush ahead, pay the toll-gate fees, proceed on to Mitchellville and have the license ready, so as to have no delay. Accordingly, Joe went off at a lope, paid the toll for us, and gave strict orders not to let Martha Jones' father through; but when the old man came to the gate he just jumped his old sway-back over it, and on he came, his hounds in full cry. The way he "got up and got" along that pike was a scene not to be forgotten. The fuss he made aroused everybody *en route*.

Our crowd consisted of five, besides Joe, and we arrived at Mitchellville about 10 p. m. Joe was there, and as soon as I had dismounted, he was at my side and led me up to the door and rattled it so that the startled Justice opened it at once, but, upon seeing, as he supposed, a female, closed it to arrange his toilet. Meantime, the old man and his hounds could be heard nearing rapidly. I whispered to Joe I wanted to retire around the corner of the house to arrange my dress, and he said, excitedly, "Be in a hurry, the old man will soon be here." I did make haste, for no sooner had I got around the corner than I darted through a gate, ran down the side of a fence, crept through an opening into a back-yard, and hid behind an ash-hopper.

When the Justice had got clothes on, he opened the door to tell us to come in, but, of course, I wasn't there, and Joe was running frantically round the house looking for his girl, while the old man and his dogs were coming nearer every minute. The Justice came out and Joe yelled for his Martha Jane, but she came not. Then the Justice called out: "Don't be alarmed, madam, come in; you shan't be hurt," and essayed to assist Joe to find her

By this time the old man, his son and the hounds had charged into town and were almost at the door. According to previous arrangement a sham row at once began between our boys and the pursuers, and so well was the thing done that the citizens (for every man, woman and child in the village was up) pitched in to prevent what they thought would be a sanguinary affray.

The burly Justice, seeing the turn affairs seemed to be taking, and excited beyond measure, mounted the horse-block and commanded the peace so vociferously as almost to be heard in the adjoining counties of this State and Kentucky. This restored quiet, our boys professing to be law-abiding citizens. The old man also simmered down, though he insisted that he had the right to be a little out of humor at the boys for robbing him of his gal, and kept lingering round and "cussin'" a little on the outside.

After the row had been squelched, the women of the village organized a search for the lost maiden, with a view of shielding her from the wrath of the irate old man.

It was not long before I was discovered by one of them, and she, with another, made a dash at me. I scuttled off as fast as I could, but I hung my boot in my lawn calico and made a perfect "shuckin" of it in my haste. It tore nearly off at the waist and split in two, and by the time I got to the next fence I had a trail two yards long. I had great trouble in climbing that fence (I can't see how a woman can climb a fence, no way); in fact, I half climbed and half rolled over, burst the strings round my waist, ran out of all the balance of my lower female harness, threw my bonnet back on my head, raised the yell, and almost ran over some more women who were looking for me, and I heard one of them say, as I passed—"Lordy, Kate, what *was* that?" I didn't stop to explain, but made good my escape.

Joe was not to be thus outdone. He persevered, and in a short time succeeded in getting away with the right Martha Jane, and the two were made one. But Mrs. Joe would never speak to me afterwards, for the reason, I suppose, that I came so nigh beating her out of a husband.

It was the nearest I ever came to being married, and though Joe—doubtless instigated by his wife—gave me a terrible thrashing some eighteen months after the escapade, I never recall it without a hearty laugh.

A New Soul Theory.

Prof. Gustav Jaeger, of Stuttgart, Wurtemberg, has published a book entitled "The Discovery of the Soul," which is a most remarkable publication and has brought him at once into prominence as a philosopher. In his book the professor explains how he discovered the soul, and what it consists of. He divides man into three parts—body, spirit and soul—throwing the liver away, and making no use of it. He shows that the human eye is for the purpose of seeing things, that the ear is for the purpose of hearing what is said, while the nose, he contends, is for the purpose of smelling. Taking these three senses together, on the axiom that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other, the professor finds that the "soul is composed of odoriferous particles, and consequently the nose can perceive the soul—that is, that the soul can be smelled." This is certainly an important discovery, as it locates a man's soul with unerring certainty in his feet. The material part of man may die, and his body be resolved to earth again, but his socks shall live on forever, in a life beyond the tomb. The theory of Prof. Jaeger is a strange one, but, if correct, it behooves the Christian young men of the country to put forth renewed efforts to prevent the young and thoughtless from losing their immortal souls by making use of the foot bath and a case knife. It is lamentable to think how the world has been groping in heathen darkness in this matter, and people have turned up their noses at the African, for shedding a soulful influence around him. High-toned people should now be ashamed of themselves for refusing to ride in emigrant cars, because the company had thrown some soul into them. The theory heretofore entertained that dumb animals had no soul, is demolished by Prof. Jaeger, and if he is correct there are animals that have plenty of it. The skunk, for instance, has soul enough for six, and will occupy a front seat in the New Jerusalem. Prof. Jaeger will shortly visit the United States and deliver a series of lectures in the principal cities, and if we have misconstrued his theory we shall apologize. But he should be heard, and we trust his audiences will listen respectfully, and not greet him with a volume of soul-stirring eggs.—*Peck's Sun.*

WORTH, of Paris, advertises: "Every class of corset for corpulency and riding for gentlemen," and adds: "Figures padded for court dress."

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

Mdlle. Anne.

O, she wears a sealskin sacque
When it snows;
And her stunning suit is black
As a crow's;
Short—and thinks it is a pity;
Charming, jolly, wise, and witty;
Has a *retroussé*—so pretty—
Little nose.

In her basket phaeton,
When it blows,
With her striking glass on,
Out she goes;
And she's just as sweet as stately,
And she sits there so sedately,
With her cheeks and lips so greatly
Like a rose.

She plays Chopin, Liszt, and Spohr
For her beaux;
And she speaks of "Pinafore"—
Heaven knows!
With a naughty "D" and "Never!"
But she's awful nice and clever;
If she liked me, I'd endeavor
To propose.

Austrian Ladies.

It is said that Austrian ladies are all accomplished cooks, consequently dyspepsia is unknown among them. Food properly prepared never disarranges the human digestion or inflames the blood, but such food cannot be had with certainty if the table depends entirely upon the skill and temper of a hired cook. Ladies who manage their own kitchens, or are competent to do so, may be sure that their families will have food that is properly cooked and appropriate to the season. There is something inexplicable about American ignorance of the art of cooking. In Europe even gentlemen take pride in being able to prepare certain dishes, and ladies are glad to be known as practical managers of their respective households. Here, however, strong adults and feeble infants are alike dependent upon the ignoramus of the kitchen. Were some of the industry displayed by American ladies in copying foreign customs devoted to kitchen management, on the Austrian plan, we would be a happier and better nation.

Girls in the Garden.

If there is any one thing more beautiful than another in a garden of flowers, that thing is a beautiful girl with a sun-bonnet on her head so wide and capacious that you have got to get right square before her, and pretty near her, to see the glowing cheeks that are sure to be there if she is at all accustomed to garden walks and works. Physically there can be nothing better for daughters, and indeed, for many wives, than to take sole charge of a small flower garden. The benefits derived from early rising, stirring the soil, snuffing the pure morning air, are freshness and glow of cheek and brightness of the eye, cheerfulness of temper, vigor of mind and purity of heart, consequently she must be more cheerful and lovely as a daughter, more dignified and womanly as a sister, and more attractive and confiding as a wife. If you have not the door-yard ground, then get a dozen pots and plant the seeds of flowers to your taste. The care and attention required to rear and train the growing plant occupies the mind, to the exclusion, oftentimes, of senseless novel reading—a senseless waste of time. You listless, pale-faced, fragile thing of a girl, throw off your mock delicacy, put on gloves if you will, but work in the flower garden till your cheeks vie in color with the blush of the rose you cultivate.—*Flora.*

Women Gossips.

It appears to be a settled belief with every masculine observer that whenever two or three women meet the result is sure to be a stream of aimless, purposeless talk, usually given the name of gossip; a collection of idle chit-chat, to be found only among women.

Why women should gossip more than men seems to be unknown and unexplained, except by the hypothesis of mental inferiority. I think it could be better accounted for on the ground of defective education. The man has his business to engross his thoughts; it brings him in contact with many men and many minds. And then he has man's prime consoler, the newspaper, to freshen his thoughts and ideas. It is a lamentable fact that few women—that is, few in comparison with men—read the newspapers. It has been said that the papers, especially those given to too much interviewing, encourage a gossiping disposition by their trivial details about persons and things, but in such a case it ceases to be gossip, according to the common acceptance of the term; it does not consist of mere frivolous personal items.

The thoughts of one occupied in the regular routine of household work are apt to run in a certain groove; she is "cumbered with many cares," and her conversation very naturally consists of what is called gossip. The average housekeeper has no time for a regular course of reading, but surely the tendency to gossip would be greatly lessened by light reading. Her culture might be superficial, but it would be a decided benefit. After all, I think the more thoroughly women are educated the less likely they are to indulge in such supposed weaknesses of the sex as gossiping.

A Worldly Old Maid's Advice.

From my safe position I have watched many husbands, my dear girls, and can give you a few hints which may be of service in selecting a partner for life. I shall confine my observations to the small circle of men, such as I have studied around the tea-table. If a man wipes his feet on the door-mat before coming into the room, you may be sure he will make a good domestic husband. If a man puts his handkerchief on his knees while taking his tea, you may be sure he will make a prudent husband. In the same way, always mistrust the man who will not take the last piece of toast, but prefers waiting for the next warm batch. It is not unlikely he will make a greedy, selfish husband, with whom who will enjoy no "brown" at dinner, no crust at tea, no place whatever at home. The man who is very careful of his own health is very apt to be careless of yours. All his sympathy is expended on himself. The man who watches the kettle and prevents it boiling over will not fail, my dears, in his married state, in exercising the same care in always keeping the pot boiling. The man who doesn't take tea, ill-treats the cat, takes snuff, and stands with his back to the fire, is a brute whom I would not advise her to marry under any consideration, either for love or money, but most decidedly not for love. But the man who, when the tea is over, is discovered to have had none, is sure to make the best husband. Patience like his deserves being rewarded with the best of wives and the best of mothers-in-law. When you meet with such a man do your utmost to marry him. He will in all respects be a model.

Feminine Cynicisms.

Matrimony is the thorn of the rose of love.

For the woman who has long been a wife, death has no terrors.

No woman need despair of fortune so long as she remains unwedded.

Many women would be totally depraved if they possessed the force to be.

Marry in haste and repent at leisure is no truer than marry at leisure and repent forever.

When we go the priest to be united, it is clear that we are in danger of spiritual disruption.

She who converts her lover into a husband transforms a worshiper into an intolerable despot.

We may love our lives without satiety unless we marry. Then we have satiety without satisfaction.

The ultimate effect of marriage upon man is to make all women appear lovely except her he has married.

The couples who want children have already grown apart and hope to be reunited though their offspring.

Tophet is a place where marriage is eternal. Wedlock is not determined by the facts but by the furies.

The brightest idea we can have of heaven comes from thinking that there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage.

The fact that women who wed once and are widowed are apt to wed again, only proves the force and the evil of the habit.

How many persons marry a second time to revenge themselves for what they have suffered in their first experiment.

No woman is a a heroine unless she has her hero by her side; and then her heroism is a pale reflex of her hero's virtues.

Pity is near akin to love outside of wedlock—inside of wedlock it is another name for contempt and soon destroys all hope of sympathy.

Women are born tyrants and the most unendurable of tyrants from their weakness. They are base sycophants, likewise. They bite the hand that is lifted to succor them and kiss the doubled fist which has struck them down.

The sin of Adam and Eve was eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, by which they learned for the first time that they were man and wife. After that they lost all capacity for happiness; the charms of Eden were in vain.

One of the greatest faults in woman is her cowardice. She is so cowardly that she cannot or she will not appreciate courage in her sisters. This she calls indecency and so discourages the brave of her sex from showing any bravery.

[From the Kansas City Mail.]

MEMBER of this Department relieved of Rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, says Geo. W. Walling, Esq., Superintendent Police, New York, in one of our exchanges.

Rapid Transit.

Uncle Mose owns several small shanties on Galveston avenue, which he rents out; but one of the tenants is rather slow in coming up with the rent, so Old Mose had to make him a pastoral visit. Just as he was coming away from the house, Old Mose met Jim Webster.

"Jim," said the old man, "which am de fastest trabbeler you eber heerd tell about?"

"Dey say dat de ray of light trabbles more den 200,000 miles a second, but I nebber timed it myself," replied Jim.

"Dar's a man in Galveston what can gib de ray ob light fifty yards start and beat it wust kind."

"G'way, ole man. Lyin' is ketchin, and I hain't been vaccinated since de wah."

"Hit am jess so as I tole yer. Gabe Snodgrass, what owes me four munt's back rent, can outtrabble de light."

"Did yer see him do it?"

"I went to de front doah, and jess as his wife opened de front doah I seed Gabe slide out de back doah. 'Is Gabe at home?' says I. 'He's done gone to Houston,' says she. Hit am fifty miles to Houston, and he must hab made de trip while I was a-lookin' at him slide out de back doah. Jess fetch on yer ray ob light, and ef it don't hab to hump hitseff to catch up wid Gabe Snodgrass when I comes for de back rent, den Ise a fool—dat's all."

"I Don't Want that Stuff!"

Is what a lady of Boston said to her husband when he brought home some medicine to cure her of sick headache and neuralgia which had made her miserable for fourteen years. At the first attack thereafter it was administered to her with such good results that she continued its use until cured, and was so enthusiastic in its praise that she induced twenty-two of the best families in her circle to adopt it as their regular family medicine. That "stuff" is Hop Bitters.—*Standard.*

Turkey's Decay.

Only two generations ago the possessions of Turkey ran from the River Pruth to Cape Matapan, and, barring Russia, it was the largest empire in Europe. But Turkey has been extensively carved and bled since that time. Little Greece was cut off in the south, and set up housekeeping for itself; then Servia and Roumania were cut off in the north. Since Turkey's last war with Russia Austria has appropriated Bosnia and Herzegovina; Bulgaria gained in fact its independence; Eastern Roumelia a state of semi-independence; and Servia, Roumania and Montenegro were enlarged by several slices of Turkey. This left Turkey in Europe one of the smallest European states. So far Turkey has lost two-thirds of her European possessions. The European population of Turkey has dwindled down from twenty to five millions of people.

Complications.

If the thousands that now have their rest and comfort destroyed by complication of liver and kidney complaints would give nature's remedy, Kidney-Wort, a trial, they would be speedily cured. It acts on both organs at the same time and therefore completely fills the bill for a perfect remedy. If you have a lame back and disordered kidneys use it at once. Don't neglect them.—*Mirror and Herald.*

PEDDLER.—"'Mornin', Mr. Waggles. Hinjoyin' yer mornin' pipe hafter last night's storm? I heard you and your wife havin' high words as I passed at 12 o'clock." Mr. Waggles (a reprobate)—"High words, wos it? Mo'e like low langwidge, I calls it."

DR. HARTER'S PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC is a preparation of Protoxide of Iron, Peruvian Bark and the Phosphates, associated with the Vegetable Aromatics. Endorsed by the Medical Profession, and recommended by them for **Dyspepsia, General Debility, Female Diseases, Want of Vitality, Nervous Prostration, Convalescence from Fevers and Chronic Chills and Fever.** It serves every purpose where a TONIC is necessary.

Manufactured by THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., 213 N. Main Street, St. Louis.

CURES DYSPEPSIA IRON TONIC.

THREE GREAT CITIES OF THE WEST

LINKED TOGETHER — BY THE —

CHICAGO
KANSAS CITY
ST LOUIS

CHICAGO & ALTON R. R.

TWO TRAINS A DAY
—AND—
No change of Cars of any class
—BETWEEN—
CHICAGO & KANSAS CITY
CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS
AND
ST. LOUIS & KANSAS CITY

UNION DEPOTS IN EAST ST. LOUIS, ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY & CHICAGO.

NO OTHER LINE RUNS
PALACE DINING CARS
Between CHICAGO and KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO and ST. LOUIS, and ST. LOUIS and KANSAS CITY. Meals equal to those served in any First-Class Hotel, only 75 cents.

THE FINEST PALACE RECLINING CHAIR CARS
In the World are Run in all Through Trains Day and Night Without Change, and *FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE.*

PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS,
The Finest, Best and Safest in use anywhere

—THE BEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE FROM—
CHICAGO TO MEMPHIS, MOBILE, NEW ORLEANS
and all Points SOUTH via St. Louis.

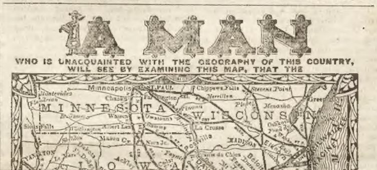
The Short Line to Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Nebraska, California, etc. The Great Excursion Route between the North and South, and to and from Kansas Lands and Colorado Health Resorts and Mining Districts.

See that your Tickets read via CHICAGO & ALTON RAILROAD.
For Maps, Time Tables, and all information, address,

J. C. McMULLIN,
General Manager,
CHICAGO, ILL.

JAMES CHARLTON,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
210 Dearborn Street, corner Adams Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

A MAN
WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y
Is The Great Connecting Link between the East and the West!

Its main line runs from Chicago to Council Bluffs, passing through Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Geneseo, Moline, Rock Island, Davenport, West Liberty, Iowa City, Marengo, Brooklyn, Grinnell, Des Moines (the capital of Iowa), Stuart, Atlantic, and Avoca; with branches from Bureau Junction to Peoria; Wilton Junction to Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Eldon, Belknap, Centreville, Princeton, Trenton, Gallatin, Cameron, Leavenworth, Atchison, and Kansas City; Washington to Sigourney, Oskaloosa, and Knoxville; Keokuk to Farmington, Bonaparte, Bentonsport, Independent, Eldon, Ottumwa, Eddyville, Oskaloosa, Pella, Monroe, and Des Moines; Mt. Zion to Keosauqua; Newton to Monroe; Des Moines to Indianola and Winterset; Atlantic to Griswold and Audubon; and Avoca to Harlan and Carson. This is positively the only Railroad, which owns, and operates a through line from Chicago into the State of Kansas.

Through Express Passenger Trains, with Pullman Palace Cars attached, are run each way daily between CHICAGO and PEORIA, KANSAS CITY, COUNCIL BLUFFS, LEAVENWORTH and ATCHISON. Through cars are also run between Milwaukee and Kansas City, via the "Milwaukee and Rock Island Short Line."

The "Great Rock Island" is magnificently equipped. Its road bed is simply perfect, and its track is laid with steel rails.

What will please you most will be the pleasure of enjoying your meals, while passing over the beautiful prairies of Illinois and Iowa, in one of our magnificent Dining Cars that accompany all Through Express Trains. You get an entire meal, as good as is served in any first-class hotel, for seventy-five cents.

Appreciating the fact that a majority of the people prefer separate apartments for different purposes (and the immense passenger business of this line warranting it), we are pleased to announce that this Company runs *Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars* for sleeping purposes, and *Palace Dining Cars* for eating purposes only. One other great feature of our Palace Cars is a SMOKING SALOON where you can enjoy your "Havana" at all hours of the day.

Magnificent Iron Bridges span the Mississippi and Missouri rivers at all points crossed by this line, and transfers are avoided at Council Bluffs, Kansas City, Leavenworth and Atchison, connections being made in Union Depots.

The principal R. R. connections of this great Through Line are as follows:

At CHICAGO, with all diverging lines for the East and South.

At ENGLEWOOD, with the L.S. & M.S., and P., Ft. W. & C. R. Rds.

At WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, with P., C. & St. L. R. R.

At LA SALLE, with Ill. Cent. R. R.

At PEORIA, with P. P. & J.; P. D. & E.; I. B. & W.; Ill. Mid.; and T. P. & W. Rds.

At ROCK ISLAND, with "Milwaukee and Rock Island Short Line," and Rock Isl'd & Peo. Rds.

At DAVENPORT, with the Davenport Division C. M. & St. P. R. R.

At WEST LIBERTY, with the B. C. R. & N. R. R.

At GRINNELL, with Central Iowa R. R.

At DES MOINES, with D. M. & F. D. R. R.

At COUNCIL BLUFFS, with Union Pacific R. R.

At OMAHA, with B. & Mo. R. R. R. (in Neb.)

At COLUMBUS JUNCTION, with B. C. R. & N. R. R.

At OTTUMWA, with Central Iowa R. R.; W., St. L. & Pac., and C., B. and Q. R. Rds.

At KEOKUK, with Tol., Peo. & War.; Wab., St. Louis & Pac., and St. L., Keo. & N. W. R. Rds.

At CAMERON, with H. St. J. R. R.

At ATCHISON, with Atch., Topeka & Santa Fe; Atch. & Neb., and Cen. Br. U. P. R. Rds.

At LEAVENWORTH, with Union Pac. and Kan. Cent. R. Rds.

At KANSAS CITY, with all lines for the West and Southwest.

PULLMAN PALACE CARS are run through to PEORIA, DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS, KANSAS CITY, ATCHISON, and LEAVENWORTH.

Tickets via this Line, known as the "Great Rock Island Route," are sold by all Ticket Agents in the United States and Canada.

For information not obtainable at your home office, address,

R. R. CABLE,
Vice President and General Manager.

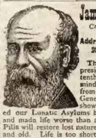
E. ST. JOHN,
General Ticket and Passenger Agent,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Whitewashed Babies.

A missionary stationed at one of the South Sea islands determined to give his residence a coat of whitewash. To obtain this in the absence of lime, coral was reduced to powder by burning. The natives watched the process of burning with interest, believing that coral was cooked for them to eat. Next morning they beheld the missionary's cottage glittering in the rising sun, white as snow. They danced, they sang, they screamed with joy. The whole island was in commotion. Whitewash became the rage. Happy was the coquette who could enhance her charms by a daub of the white brush. Contentions arose. One party urged their superior rank; another obtained possession of the brush and valiantly held it against all comers; a third tried to upset the tub to obtain some of the precious cosmetic. To quiet the hubbub, more whitewash was made, and in a week not a hut, a domestic utensil, a war club or a garment but was as white as snow; not an inhabitant but had a skin painted with grotesque figures; not a pig that was not whitened, and even mothers might be seen in every direction capering joyously, and yelling with delight at the superior beauty of their whitewashed babies.—*Chambers' Journal.*

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING
$4 Self-Inking Printing Press with complete outfit, $5.50. Eight larger sizes. Catalogue and reduced price-list free. H. HOOVER, Philadelphia, Pa.

TAKE NOTICE
FOR ONE DOLLAR
I will send, free of further cost, something that is worth $10 IN GOLD to any Family.
I send article at once. Have no circulars. Read notice in another column of this paper, four lines
Send Money Registered. Mention this paper. Address
E. E. GREMS,
Natural Bridge, Jefferson Co., N. Y.



James Medical Institute.
Chartered by the State of Ills.
Address all letters, J. J. JAMES,
204 Washington St., Chicago.

Thirty Years Experience as president, convinces me nine-tenths of the diseases of body, mind, life troubles have arisen from the abuses of the Urinary Generative Organs. Statistics show four out of five that crowded our Lunatic Asylums has arisen from that cause, and made life worse than a weary waste. Nervine Pills will restore lost nature of the young, middle aged and old. Life is too short to waste away. $1.00 per box, or 6 for $5.00, composed of Roots and Barks, call at office, sent by mail, sealed, on receipt of price. A book on Nervous Chronic Urinary Diseases, in all their forms, 10 cents to pay postage. Send stamp for Electric Ring.

THE FIRST AMERICAN BIBLE.

Printed by John Eliot, of Roxbury, in a Tongue Now Extinct.

[From the New York Sun.]

"Wuppetesittukqussunnooweht u n k-quoh" is the longest word printed in the first Bible ever published in America. It is found at Mark i., 40, and signifies "kneeling down to Him." It is in the language of the Natick Indians, an extinct New England tribe, and only one person living can read their Bible. He is Mr. J. H. Trumbull, of Hartford. The Indian title is "Wusku Wuttestamentum Nul-Lordumun Jesus Christ Nuppoquohwus suaneumun," but it is better known as Eliot's Indian Bible. It was printed in Cambridge in 1661, by the "Commissioners of the United Colonies in New England, at the charge and with the consent of the corporation in England for the propagation of the gospel among the Indians in New England." The translation was the work of John Eliot, a missionary and a pastor at Roxbury, Mass., who began the study of the Natick Indian dialect when he was 42 years old. Having in 1640 attained some proficiency, he began to translate the Bible, with the aid of an Indian, into the Natick tongue, and after a labor of eight years he completed the translation of both the Old and New Testaments. The names of the books were retained as in the English version, and such words as were unknown to the Indians were kept with an Indian termination, such as "cherubim-*lab*." The New Testament was printed first, and it required three years to finish the Old Testament. Eliot had one Indian printer who alone could "compose" the work, and who did the proof-reading as well. There were 368 reams of paper used in printing the Bible, the cost of it ranging from 60 to 70 shillings a sheet. The sight of the work made old Cotton Mather exclaim, "Behold, ye Americans, the greatest honor that ever you were partakers of! This is the only Bible that ever was printed in all America, from the very foundation of the world." Marmaduke Johnson was sent out by the English corporation to superintend the printing of the Old Testament. Upon the subject of printing the work the corporation wrote May 7, 1659: "We conceive it will not onely be acceptable unto God, but very profittable to the poor heathen, and will much tend to the promotion of the spirituall part of this worke amongst them."

Twenty copies of the Bible were printed with a dedication to King Charles II. Very few of them are in existence.

The whole of Eliot's translation was written with one pen, "which pen," says Cotton Mather, "had it not been lost, would have certainly deserved a richer case than was bestowed upon the pen with which Holland writ the translation of Plutarch." When this Bible was printed New England was a wilderness, and was teeming with a great Indian population. Eliot was a religious enthusiast, and he was urged on to the translation of the Bible by appeals from King Philip for books to read. When he began the work the printing of a pamphlet was a work of great importance, and as a monument of aboriginal philology this Bible has, it is conceded, never been equaled, notwithstanding the efforts of the Missionary Societies for the last 220 years to Christianize the Indians.

What Is a Cold?

To enjoy life, one must be in good health; and to remain free from disease is the desire of all. Yet there are some ailments which do not interfere very much with the pleasures of life, and therefore are not dreaded in consequence—nay, more, they are frequently treated with neglect, although in many instances they are precursors of more serious disorders, which may in not a few cases have a fatal termination! How often, to the usual greetings which one friend exchanges with another, is the reply given: "Very well, thank you, except a little cold." A little cold, and yet how significant this may be! In how many cases do we find a "little cold" resembling a little seed, which may sooner or later develop into a mighty tree! A little cold neglected may, and frequently does, prove itself to be a thing not to be trifled with. Let me, then, pray my readers to remember that small beginnings in not a few instances have big endings, and this especially where disease exists. Let us, then, consider what is a common cold.

In the first place, we must be paradoxical, and affirm that it is not a cold at all. It is rather a heat, if I may so express myself, that is, it is a form of fever, but, of course, of a very mild type when it is uncomplicated by other diseases. It is certainly in the majority of instances due to the effect of cold playing upon some portion of the body, and reacting upon the mucous membrane through the intervention of the nervous apparatus. What is called a cold, then, is in reality a fever; and, though in the majority of instances it is of such a trivial nature as to necessitate few precautions being taken during its attack, yet in some cases it runs a most acute course, and may be followed by great prostration. Even when the premonitory symptoms of a cold are developing themselves, when, for example, what a medical man calls a rigor, or, as it is popularly designated, a shivering is felt, when we would naturally suppose that the animal temperature is below par, it is at that very moment higher than the normal, thus showing the onset of fever.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Capturing an Englishman.

"Once I was filling an engagement at a London theater," said J. K. Emmet, the actor; "a gentleman with buttoned kids and hair parted in the middle occupied a private box. He coolly surveyed me through his eyeglass. I was feeling pretty good, and was acting with more than usual freedom. The audience roared with laughter, but not a muscle of his face moved. He stared at me like a Gorgon. I was nettled, and I determined to capture him. I did my best, but there he sat partially turned toward me in the easiest of positions with the coldest of faces. You could fairly read on his features: 'Well, upon my soul, I expected something pretty bad' you know, but this is perfectly execrable.' I lost my guard, and made no secret of my effort to capture him. The audience dropped on it, and became deeply interested. I warbled 'Wilhelmina Strauss,' and filled it to the brim with grotesqueness, but the fellow sat there like a stone statue entirely unmoved. Apparently nothing would fetch him. And so the performance progressed, the audience watching the man in the box more than it did me. At last I made an impression. It was in the act where I pranced around the stage with a little child astraddle my shoulders. A faint smile overspread the man's face. He raised his gloved hands and languidly clapped them twice. The audience screamed with delight, and from that time until the close of the performance I had every soul in the house with me. The *naivete* of the child, combined with the acting, had been too much for him, and had brought him down."

Trying Visitors.

Hard as it is to bear with grace the trials caused by agents, there is another class of visitors whose calls are fully as unwelcome. Indeed I believe it is easier to get through the troubled half-hour in which the broken-down minister—that pathetic figure which so frequently darkens our door—introduces to our notice his wonderful "Faith Cure;" or that in which the audacious young man polishes one leg of a table, thereby disgracing the other three forever; or the young man who, holding the book closely in his own hand, forces us to listen to sentences from it relating to matters of etiquette (it seems almost like the irony of fate for an agent to solicit names for his book)—I repeat, it is easier to bear these afflictions than it is to have a neighbor or acquaintance drop in in a friendly way and ask one to subscribe a sum of money to some charitable object. Let us picture to ourselves a woman who is trying to do a good three hours' work in two, and she might give a little time to the particular employment which is a delight to her, and who wishes not only to make both ends meet, but lap over a little at the end of the year; who has a way for every dollar and even for every quarter of a dollar—think what it is to her to be interrupted and hindered, to have her nerves unsettled by the effort it costs her to give or refuse. I have known a woman who had just enough to pay for her children's stockings, and who did not see her way clear to another dollar that month, to give two-thirds of it towards a camp-chair for the sexton of her church, and the other third helped to pay for a silver card-case for the minister's wife. It was hard to patch and darn the children's stockings as she was obliged to, but it was harder still to refuse her dear sister in the church when she said in so convincing a tone, "Of course you wish to give a little when the rest are doing so." A young married lady told me not long ago that she believed she had given enough cake during the year for festivals and church parties to have stocked a first-class bakery for three months; "and I didn't know how to do it; I could not afford it, but I couldn't refuse." One may agree perfectly with Mr. Emerson when he says that "a man's money should not follow the direction of his neighbor's money, but should represent the things he should willingliest do with it." But let a friend pay her the delicate compliments of allowing her to head a subscription, and see what she will do! "I have a paper here which I know you want to sign," said a man to a neighbor; "we wish to raise funds to prosecute any one who sells cider without a license." "I can not sign it; I have other ways just now for my money," was the reply. "Oh, then you, a mother, wish to countenance the drunkenness in this town!" was the unjust and uncharitable inference. Subscription papers are often lengthened in order to avoid the misconstruction mentioned here, and money which ought to go toward paying the necessary expenses of a household is taken from the reluctant hand of a woman who can not say no. I sometimes think it would be a good thing for our legislators to look into, and that some kind of a bill might be passed protecting women from the agent and the bearer of a subscription paper.—*E. W. B. in New York Evening Post.*

Care of a Cold.

There are some few constitutions that need the old remedy of feeding a cold, but these are chiefly elderly folks, or those young ones who never have any great amount of vitality at any time. There is a peculiar hoarse and loose stomachic cough in middle life, that has been cured by pleutiful sprinklings of cayenne pepper over every article of food that could bear it, and by good feeding. Here a stimulus was needed. Here two or four grains of quinine do good. But for one case where beef essence or beefsteak, with red pepper, is of use, there are a hundred that are relieved by slacking off digestive work. The dull, congested lungs and the scarlet throat of an inflammatory cold are very near neighbors to the digestion. When the bellows are wheezing or choked, do not put in much work at the forge. Grapes are refreshing and are said to have a specific action on the nerves of the throat and lungs. Therefore feed your cold and sore throat on grapes. Drink milk for thirst and let it take the place of all cooked food and of all meats. It is the one food that is meat and drink. When there is the slightest approach to pneumonia, anything like a chill or contact with a chilled surface may be fatal. Therefore do not bring cold milk to such a sufferer any more than you would ice water, which has acted as a death warrant before now. Take the chill off the milk by heating it nearly to a scalding point. Do not let it boil; for the few people who enjoy the taste of boiled milk there are many to whom the "skin" on the top is disliked. It should be "milk" warm, that is about the temperature of blood. There is so much in nursing a congested cold, lung inflammation, or the heavy cold that produces nausea, that nursing is half the cure. Avoid all sudden changes of temperature or draughts in the room. Do not throw open the window to air it, but contrive to secure a supply of fresh air in an indirect way. Get the fresh air into the entry of the next room, and then coax it into the sick-room, behind a screen or in such a way that there is no sudden change in temperature.

A CERTAIN Galvestonian was not expected to live. He had a neighbor with whom he had been on bad terms for many years, and after whose condition he made inquiry of a mutual friend when he heard of the illness. "I'm glad to see you feel a kindly interest in him, but I am afraid he is sinking fast," responded the mutual friend. "He is, is he? Well, I am not surprised. I always thought that was about the direction he would go when he died."—*Galveston News.*

Drunk and Insulting.

He was a tall, slim man, with a hooked nose and little twinkling eyes. The odor of rum was very perceptible in the atmosphere around him, and could he realize on the capital invested in that blossom on his nose he might purchase a corner lot on Michigan avenue. The car was full when he got in at the Madison street bridge, and several ladies were standing, although some of the seats were occupied by men. He crowded through the aisle, begging everybody's pardon, and braced himself with his back against the front door. There was a good-natured look on his face, when he would occasionally forget himself, but he seemed to realize his condition, and assumed an air of determined seriousness when he caught any one looking at him. He first insisted that a well-dressed, modest-looking lady should change places with him, and rest herself by leaning against the door. But she declined, with blushes.

"If I were occupying a seat, ma'am," he said, in a loud tone, "I would offer it to you cheerfully; yes, ma'am, cheerfully."

"You are very kind," she replied, softly, and turned her head away, for it was plain that the fumes of liquor almost made her gag. Some of the men who were assisting in holding the seats down all at once began to be very much occupied in gazing out of the windows, and two young fellows in the corner engaged in an absorbing conversation.

"It seems to me," continued the old pickle, speaking as if to himself, "it seems to me that young men are not as polite as they used to be."

A timid-looking young man in the corner here arose and offered his seat to a lady, blushing as if he had been detected in a heinous crime.

"I am glad, sir," continued the speaker, "to see that you are an exception, an honorable exception, sir."

The young man began to look very foolish, and went out upon the rear platform, stumbling over the gouty feet of an old gentleman who had sat opposite, and whose eyes glared with homicidal fury.

"Most men, nowadays—I beg your pardon, ma'am"—(to a lady whose bonnet he crushed when staggering under a lurch of the car). "Most men, nowadays, hang to a seat as if they were clamped on to it, and poor tired ladies stand helplessly in the aisles, except when a good-looking one gets into a car, and then somebody always gives her a seat. It's the homely women who always have to stand."

The ladies in the aisle looked very absurd, and a girl with bangs, who had taken the seat the timid young man surrendered, tittered.

"No gentleman will keep his seat in a car while ladies are standing. It is always safe—"

The old gentleman with the gouty feet here looked up and said, savagely:

"It is always safe to mind your own business!"

At this the two young men who had been engaged in the absorbing conversation left their seats and pulled the bell-strap.

"Was I addressin' my remarks to you, sir?" asked the old pickle.

"I don't know, and I don't care a ——. You mind your business, and I'll mind mine."

"I intended no offense, sir; particularly not to you, sir. When a man gets to be as old and fat as you, sir, he is not expected to be as gallant as when he was young and active."

"I told you to mind your business, and I'll mind mine. I don't want no words with you. You're drunk and don't know what you're talking about."

"I'm drunk, am I!" and he gave a leer that was intended to express irony. "I am sober enough to know an old hog when I see one."

At this the young girl with the bangs giggled outright, and the infuriated old gentleman with the gouty legs yelled: "Conductor! conductor! This man here is drunk and insulting."

The conductor entered the car and led the old pickle out to the platform, where the soliloquy was finished, to the infinite amusement of a number of passengers.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

Improvement in the Sick-Room.

The changes of our time have been as marked in the sick-room as in the railway car or the telegraph office. The frightful doses of calomel and senna and castor oil, so common a century ago, are almost unknown. We wonder how our ancestors survived the administered drugs, when the disease was not fatal.

In attacks of typhoid fever it was customary to bleed patients, and to starve them also, in order to loosen the hold of the fever on the system. It is now thought important to retain all the blood and enrich it by nutritious food, that the strength may be sustained against the severe drain made on the system by fever.

Cold water used to be refused to patients parched with thirst, though they begged for it piteously. It is now given freely, as nature demands it.

Flowers, also, used to be banished rigidly from sick-rooms, as they were thought to consume oxygen by night, and make the air unwholesome for the patient. But tests applied in large greenhouses have found the air as pure and rich in oxygen in the morning as at midday, and it may be hoped this superstition will be abandoned. A little beauty and fragrance in the sick-chamber may keep up cheerfulness and hope, which often are better antidotes than drugs.

FITZNOODLE was out hunting again last Sunday. He came back very tired, and without any game, but he said he had lots of fun, and was going again soon. "What did you shoot?" asked Gilhooly. "I shoot a rapid—von ob dem diugs what gets avay so tam quick. He vos sitting on de ground ven I choost let him have it, firat mit der von barrel and den mit de oder von." "Tore him all to pieces, didn't you?" "No, but py schimminy grashus, but you should have been there choost to see dot beest run."—*Galveston N*

THE mule who is tame in front is often wild behind.

ODD SCRAPS.

IN making sauce, put the butter and flour in together and the sauce will never be lumpy.

THE yolk of eggs binds the crust much better than the whites. Apply it to the edges with a brush.

BOILED fowl with sauce, over which grate the yolk of eggs, is a magnificent dish for luncheon.

WHENEVER the sauce boils from the sides of the pan you may know the flour or corn starch is done.

IN cooking a fowl, to ascertain whether it is done, put the skewer into the breast, and if the breast is tender the fowl is done.

GOOD flour is not tested by its color. White flour may not be the best. The test of good flour is the amount of water it absorbs.

NEVER wash raisins that are to be used in sweet dishes. It will make the pudding heavy. To clean them wipe in a dry towel.

WHEN anything is accidentally made too soft it can be counteracted by adding a teaspoonful of vinegar and a teaspoonful of sugar.

IN boiling dumplings of any kind put them into the water one at a time. If they are put in together they will mix with each other.

IN boiling eggs hard, put them in boiling water ten minutes, and then put them in cold water. It will prevent the yolks from coloring black.

To make macaroni tender, put it in cold water and bring it to a boil. It will then be much more tender than if put into hot water or stewed in milk.

IRON or steel immersed in a solution of carbonate of potash or soda for a few minutes will not rust for years, not even when exposed to a damp atmosphere.

CUTLETS and steaks may be fried as well as broiled, but they must be put in hot butter or lard. The grease is hot enough when it throws off a blackish smoke.

POTATOES at any time of the year can be made mealy if boiled in salt water and drained and then covered with a thick towel and left in the back of the range five minutes.

BEESWAX and salt will make flatirons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and rub them with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or rags sprinkled with salt.

BLACK cotton gloves will not crack the hands if scalded in salt and water before wearing. The salt prevents fading. When almost dry, one should put them on, in order to stretch them and keep them in good shape.

To remove old paint, cover with a wash of three parts quick stone lime, slacked in water to which one part pearlash is added. Allow the coating to remain for sixteen hours, when the painting may be easily scraped off.

JELLY molds should be greased with cold butter. When you wish to remove the jelly or pudding plunge the mold into hot water, remove quickly, and the contents will come out in perfect form and without any trouble.

THE reason why cabbage emits such a disagreeable smell when boiling is because the process dissolves the essential oil. The water should be changed when the cabbage is half boiled, and it will thus acquire a greater sweetness.

A THIN coat of varnish applied to straw matting will make it much more durable and keep the matting looking fresh and new. White varnish should be used on white matting. Use skim milk for washing oil cloths, instead of soap and water.

To wash red table linen use tepid water, with a little powdered borax (borax sets the color); wash the linen separately and quickly, using very little soap; rinse in tepid water containing a little boiled starch; hang to dry in the shade; iron when almost dry.

The Craze for Relics.

Relics and autographs! It is often said that this age and this country are given to materialism and skepticism. Yet how much of faith there is left! It is not faith that changes; only the object of its attention is changed from time to time. Some pious Catholics and other Christians believe in the bones of martyrs and apostles; so these bones are manufactured in Rome to suit all wants, and whole boxes of "osteological remains" are shipped to America. They are usually certified to as genuine, although the Pope now declares that most of them are frauds. The museums of Europe are stocked with South American antiquities, many of the latter coming from well-known factories and shops in Peru and elsewhere. In China and Japan "old porcelain and bronze are manufactured to supply the demands of European collectors. And autographs! Many an American Collector is proud of his volume in which some great man or grand dame has written *propria manu*, unless the signature emanates from the skill of an adroit Parisian or London bookseller. It is science and religion alike which suffer from these frauds, and the frauds themselves are encouraged by humble ignorance as much as by the opulent purses of the proud. It should go to the Pope's credit that he has ordered an inquiry into the pious bone trade conducted in the Eternal City, and that he is grieved at the impious frauds by which it has been not so much desecrated as derided.—*Boston Advertiser.*

A Vision of Washington.

In his reminiscences, the Hon. Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, relates the following: "The scene of my father's only ghost story—if so it may be called—was laid at Mount Vernon; and this alone was sufficient to make the occasion memorable to a boy. The chamber in which his uncle had died was assigned by Judge Washington to his guest; the host, as he withdrew, mentioned the rumor that an interview with Washington had been granted to some of its former occupants. If this were true, my father pondered upon the possibility that he might be found worthy to behold the glorified spirit of him who was so revered by his countrymen. And during the night he did see Washington, and this is all I have to say about it. If I gave the particulars I should feel bound to give a full explanation of them by Dr. Hammond, or some other expert in cerebral illusions; and this would occupy too much space for an episode. It may be worth while to say that nothing my father saw, or thought he saw, was useful in confirming his faith in a spiritual world. His assurance in this matter was perfect. He believed that brain action (if that is the correct expression) was at times set up in us by friends no longer in the flesh, and that his own life had been guided by these mysterious influences."

Whistling to a Squirrel.

One afternoon, when out looking for game, I sat down on a pile of rails to rest. Pretty soon I discovered in an oak tree some twenty yards away a red squirrel stretched at full length on a limb taking a sun bath. Instead of raising my rifle and sending a ball through the little fellow (it's a mighty mean "sportsman" that endeavors to kill all he sees) I decided to give him a little pleasure if I could, so I commenced to whistle the air of that once-popular ditty, "I Love Thee, Sweet Norah O'Neil." In a twinkling the squirrel was up on his hind legs, his tail over his back, his head cocked on one side, listening to me; a moment of irresolution, and then he scampered down the trunk of the tree to the ground and started toward me; he came a few yards, stopped, sat up on end and listened again. I was careful not to move, and kept on whistling. After waiting a moment the little beauty came on, jumped up on the pile of rails, ran along within four feet of me, halted, went up on end again, made an umbrella of his tail, tipped his head to one side, looked at me with all the gravity of a Justice of the Peace at his first trial, and yet if ever a creature's eye beamed with pleasure his did.

I did not move, but after a little I abruptly changed the tune to the "Sweet By and By." Chut! Why, with the first note of the different tune away went the squirrel. I did not move, only as I shook with suppressed laughter, and as well as I could kept on whistling. In a minute or two back came the squirrel, going through all the cunning maneuvers of his first approach, and once more took a seat before me on the rails. I watched him, and actually thought he was trying to pucker up his mouth and whistle.

Once again I changed the tune, this time to "Yankee Doodle," and as before, with the first note of change, away scampered the squirrel. Unable to control my risibilities any longer, I laughed aloud, and after that I couldn't call my little friend to me.

I wonder how many of the so-called "true sportsmen" ever seek or think of any pleasure in connection with such beautiful little creatures save the savage and unmanly pleasure of taking away their lives!—*Forest and Stream.*

When Washington Laughed.

This story, duly authenticated, is told of Washington by the descendants of Mr. Austin, who was an officer in the revolutionary army: Washington always had the officers dine with him on Saturdays at his headquarters in the house now owned and occupied by Prof. H. W. Longfellow. Once, after dinner, they came to be weighed. Washington weighed exactly 200 pounds. Putnam weighed two pounds more. At that time, and till comparatively recently, it was always customary to have salt fish on Saturdays. Some bantering passed among the officers respecting their weights, and they told Putnam that he weighed more than Washington because he had eaten two pounds more of fish for dinner. This drew a smile on Washington's face, and a laugh or a smile by him, Mr. Austin says, he had never seen till that time.

New Mode of Tanning.

A new process of tanning is extensively used in Germany. Bark is wholly dispensed with, and inorganic compounds take its place. The new process requires from four to six weeks for its completion, and the particular feature is described to be the action of chromic acid, for the generation of which a number of substances, soluble in water, are brought together so as to effect the decomposition of bichromate of potash.

New Advertisements.

☞ *Readers ordering goods, or making inquiries concerning articles advertised in this paper, will confer a favor by stating that they saw the advertisement in "THE CHICAGO LEDGER."*

Ladies

Do you want a pure, blooming Complexion? If so, a few applications of Hagan's MAGNOLIA BALM will gratify you to your heart's content. It does away with Sallowness, Redness, Pimples, Blotches, and all diseases and imperfections of the skin. It overcomes the flushed appearance of heat, fatigue and excitement. It makes a lady of THIRTY appear but TWENTY; and so natural, gradual, and perfect are its effects, that it is impossible to detect its application.

25 Extra Fine Chromo, or 20 Embossed Gilt-Edge, Motto Cards, 10c. Branford Prtg. Co., Branford, Ct.

30 Elegant Snowflake, Marble, etc., CARDS, name on, 10c. *Agents wanted.* C. Vick, Arbela, Mich.

50 Elegant Chromo Cards, name on, 10c; 10 Packs and ag'ts sample book $1. Star Card Co., Clintonville, Ct

20 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, with name, 10c, postpaid. G. I. REED & Co., Nassau, N.Y.

50 All Gold, Chromo and Lit'g Cards, no two alike, name on, 10c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Conn.

105 LOVELY new style Floral, Chromo and Acquaintance Cards, 10c. G. W. Bocemsdes, West Haven, Ct.

50 Motto, boat, chromo, horseshoe, bow, scroll, &c., cards, name on, in case, 10c. F. W. Austin, Fair Haven, Ct.

40 CARDS, all Chromo, Glass and Motto, in case, name in gold and jet, 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct

40 Lovely Floral, Panel, Hand & Bouquet Chromo Cards with name 10c. Franklin Pr't'g Co., New Haven, Ct.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,

Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Holman's Pads.

TRADE MARK.

Holman's Ague, Liver & Stomach Pad, For *Malaria, Ague* and *Stomach* troubles. PRICE, $2.00

Holman's Special Pad. Adapted to old chronic cases. $3.00.

Holman's Spleen Belt. For stubborn cases of enlarged Spleen and unyielding Liver and Stomach troubles. $5.00.

Holman's Infant's Pad. For ailments of Infants and Children. $1.50.

Holman's Abdominal Pad. For *Uterine, Ovarian* and Bladder troubles. $5.00.

Holman's Renal or Kidney Pad. For Kidney Complaints. $2.00.

Holman's Pectorial Pad. For affections of the Chest and Lungs. $3.00.

Holman's Absorptive Medicinal Body Plaster. The best Plaster in the world. Porous on Rubber basis. 25c.

Holman's Absorptive Medicinal Foot Plasters. For Cold Feet, Headaches and Sluggish Circulation. (per pair) 25c.

Absorption Salt for Medicated Baths. For Colds, Rheumatism and all cases where a medicated Bath is needed, also an excellent foot bath. (per ½ lb. package) 25c.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS,

Or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. The ABSORPTION SALT is not "mailable" and must be sent by Express at Purchaser's expense.

The success of HOLMAN'S PADS has inspired imitators who offer Pads similar in **form** and **odor** to the **true** HOLMAN'S, saying, "They are just the same," etc.

Beware of all **bogus** Pads only made to sell on the reputation of the genuine.

See that each Pad bears the **Private Revenue Stamp** of the HOLMAN PAD COMPANY, with above Trade Mark printed in green.

DR. HOLMAN'S advice is free. Full treatise sent free on application. Address,

HOLMAN PAD CO.,
[*P. O. Box* 2112.] 744 Broadway, N. Y.

54 All Gold, Chromo and Lithograph Cards, no 2 alike, name on, 10c. C. DePuy, Syracuse, N.Y.

6 MONTHS FOR 10 CTS., ON TRIAL.

DePuy's Monthly Miscellany, a large 8-page newspaper. Sample free. C. C. DEPUY, Syracuse, N. Y.

50 BEAUTIFUL ALL NEW DESIGNS of Butterfly, Dragon-fly, Robin Redbreast, Pinks, Pansies, Violets & Moss-rosebud Chromo Cards, name on, 10c. Card Mills, Northford, Ct

WHISKERINE [illegible]

70 YOUR NAME in New Type on 70 Cards, 10c. New styles, by best artists: *Bouquets, Birds, Gold Chromos, Landscapes, Water Scenes, etc.*—no two alike. Agent's Complete Sample Book, 25c. Great variety *Advertising and Bevel-Edge Cards.* Lowest prices to dealers and printers. 100 *Samples Fancy Advertising Cards*, 50c. Address STEVENS BROS., Box 22, Northford, Ct.

FRAZER
AXLE GREASE.

Best in the World. Get the genuine. Every package has our Trade-mark and is marked Frazer's. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

SICK FOLKS Folks should send a three-cent stamp for a free book of nearly 100 large octavo pages, full of valuable notes by Dr. E. B. Foote, the author of

Medical Common Sense & Plain Home Talk.

FREE BOOK on Scrofula, Diseases of Men and Women, and all chronic ailments, with the evidences of their curability. Address Murray Hill Pub. Co., 129 East 28th Street, New York City.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier

Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Moth-Patches, Freckles and every blemish on beauty. It has stood the test of 30 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut ton* (a patient): "*As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations.*" Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin. MME. M. B. T. GOURAUD, Sole Prop., 48 Bond St., N.Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Europe.

MANHOOD RESTORED.

A victim of early imprudence, causing nervous debility, premature decay, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham-st., N.Y.